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THE STORY TELLER.

RIVAL MECHANICIANS.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

"I am growing old; my sight is failing very fast," said a famous watch maker of Geneva, as he wiped his spectacles to examine several chronometers, which his two apprentices laid before him. "Well done! very well done, my lads.—I hardly know which of you will best supply the place of old Antoine Breguet. Thirty years ago, (pardon an old man's vanity,) I could have borne away the palm from a hundred like ye. But my sight is dim, and my hands tremble. I must retire from the place I have occupied in this busy world; and I confess I should like to give up my famous old stand to a worthy successor. Whichever of you produces the most perfect piece of mechanism before the end of two years, shall be my partner and representative, if Rosabella and I both agree in the decision."

The grand-daughter, who was busy spinning flax, looked up bashfully, and met the glance of the two young men. The countenance of one flushed, and his eye sparkled; the other turned very pale, and there was a painfully deep intensity in his fixed gaze.

The one who blushed was Florien Arnaud, a youth from the French Cantons. He was a slender and graceful figure, with beautiful features, clear blue eyes, and a complexion as fresh as Hylas, when the enamored water-nymths carried him away in their arms. He danced like a zephyr, and sang little airy French romances in the sweetest of tenor voices.

The one who turned pale, was Pierre Berthoud of Geneva. He had massy features, a bulky frame, and clumsy motions. But the shape of his head indicated a powerful intellect, and his great dark eyes glowed from under the pent house of his brows, like a forge at midnight.—He played on the bass-viol and trombone, and when he sung the tones sounded as if they came up from the deep iron mines.

Rosabella turned quickly away from their expressive glances, and blushing deeply, resumed her spinning. The Frenchman felt certain the blush was for him; the Genevan thought he would willingly give his life to be sure it was for him. But unlike as the young men were in person and character, and both attracted towards the same lovely maiden, they were yet extremely friendly to each other, and usually found enjoyment in the harmonious contrast of their different gifts. The first feeling of estrangement that came between them, was one evening, when Florien sang remarkably well; and Rosabella accompanied him on her guitar. She evidently enjoyed the graceful music with all her soul. Her countenance was more radiantly beautiful than usual, and when the fascinating singer rose to go, she begged him to sing another favorite song, and then another and another.

"She never urges me to sing with her," he said, as he and Florien retired for the night.

"Your stentorian tone would quite drown her weak sweet voice, and her light touch on the guitar. You might as well have a hammar-and-anvil accompaniement to a Canary Bird."

Seeing discontent in the countenance of his companion, he added, soothingly—

"Nay, my good friend, don't be offended at this playful comparison. Your voice is magnificently strong and beautifully correct, but it is made for grander things than those graceful little garlands of sound which Rosabella and I weave so easily."

Pierre sprang up quickly, and went to the other side of the room. "Rosabella and I," were sounds that went hissing through his heart like a red-hot arrow. But his manly efforts soon conquered the jealous feeling, and said cheerfully—

"Well, Florien, let us accept the offer of good father Breguet. We will try our skill fairly and honorably, and leave him and Rosabella to decide, without knowing which is your work or which is mine."

Florien suppressed a rising smile, for he thought to himself, "She will know my workmanship as easy as she could distinguish my fairy romanzas from your Samson Solos."—But he replied right cordially—

"Honestly and truly, Pierre, I think we are, as mechanicians, very nearly equal in skill.—But let us both tax our ingenuity to invent something which shall best please Rosebella.—Her birth-day comes in about six months. In honor of the occasion, I will make some little ornaments for the arbor facing the brook, where she loves to sit in pleasant weather, and read to the good old grand-father."

"I will do the same," answered Pierre: only let both our ornaments be machines."

They clasped their hands, and looked frankly into each other's eyes, ratified the agreement. From that hour they spoke no more to each other on the subject, till the long anticipated day arrived. The old watchmaker and his grandchild were invited to the arbor, to pass judgment on the productions of his pupils. A screen was placed before a portion of the brook, and they sat quietly waiting for it to be removed.

"That duck is of a singular color," exclaimed the young girl. "What a solemn looking fellow he is!"

The bird, without paying any attention to her remarks waddled into the water, drank, lifted up his bill to the sky, as if giving thanks for his refreshments, flapped his wings, floated to the edge of the brook, and waddled on the grass again. When father Breguet threw some crumbs of cake on the ground, the duck picked them up with apparent satisfaction. He was about to scatter more crumbs, when Rosabella exclaimed—

"Why, grandfather, this is not a duck! It is made of bronze! See how well it is done!"

The old man took it up and examined it.

"Really, I do not think any thing could be more perfect than this," said he. "How exquisitely the features are carved, and truly the creature seems alive! He who beats this must be a skilful mechanician."

At these words Pierre and Florien stepped forward, hand in hand, and bowing to their master, removed the temporary screen. On a black marble pedestal in the brook, was seated a bronze Naiad, leaning upon an overflowing vase. The figure was inexpressibly graceful; a silver star with brilliant points gleamed on her forehead, and in her hand she held a silver bell, beautifully inlaid with gold and steel. There was a smile playing about her mouth, and she leaned over as if watching for sometning in a little cascade which flowed down a channel in the pedestal. Presently she raised her hand and sounded the bell. A beautiful gold fish obeyed the summons, and glided down the channel, his burnished sides glittering in the sun.—Eleven times more she rang the bell, and each time the gold fish darted forth. It was exactly noon, and the water nymph was a clock.

The watchmaker and his grand-daughter were silent. It was so beautiful that they could not easily find words to express their pleasure.

"You need not speak, my master," said Pierre, in a manly but sorrowful tone; "I myself decide in favor of Florien. The clock is his."

"The interior workmanship is not yet examined," rejoined his amiable competitor. "There is not a better mechanician in all Switzerland than Pierre Berthoud."

"Ah, but you you know how to invest equally good workmanship with grace and beauty," replied the more heavily moulded Genevan.

"Study the graces, my boy; make yourself familiar with models of beauty," said old Antoine Breguet, laying a hand upon the young man's shoulder.

"I should but imitate, and he creates," answered Pierre, despondingly; "and worse of all, my good master, I hate myself because I envy him."

"But you have many and noble gifts, Pierre," said Rosabella, gently. "You know how delightfully very different instruments combine in harmony. Grandfather says your workmanship will be far more durable than Florien's. Perhaps you may both be his partners."

"But which of us will be thine?" thought Pierre. He smothered a deep sigh, and only answered—

"I thank you, Rosabella."

Well aware that these envious feelings were unworthy of a noble soul, he contended with them bravely, and treated Florien even more cordially than usual.

"I will follow my good master's advise," said he; "I will try to clothe my good machinery in forms of beauty. Let us both make a watch for Rosabella, and present it to her on her next birth-day. You will rival me, no doubt, for the Graces threw their garlands on you when you were born."

"Bravo!" shouted Florien, laughing and clapping his hands. "The poetry is kindling up in your soul. I always told you that you would be a poet, if you could express what was in you."

"And your soul expresses itself so easily, so fluently!" said Pierre, with a sigh.

"Because my springs lie so near the surface, and yours have depths to come from," replied his good natured companion.

"The worst of it is the cord is apt to break before I can draw up my weighty treasure," rejoined Pierre, with a smile. "There is no help for it. There will always be the same difference between us that there is in our names. I am a rock and you are a flower. I might be hewn and chiselled into harmonious proportions, but you grow into beauty."

"Then be a rock, and a magnificent one," replied his friend, "and let the flower grow at your feet."

"That sounds modestly and well," answered Pierre; "but I myself wish to be a flower, because——"

"Because what?" inquired Florien, half guessing the secret, from his embarrassed manner.

"Because I think Rosabella likes flowers better than rocks," replied Pierre, with uncommon quickness, as if the words gave him pain.

On New Year's day, the offerings, enclosed in one box, were presented by the good grandfather. The first was a golden apple, which opened, and revealed on one side an exquisitely neat watch, surrounded by a garland tastefully wrought in rich damaskeening of steel and gold; on the other side was a rose entwined with forget-me-nots, very perfectly done mosaic. When the stem of the apple was turned, a favorite little tune of Rosabella's sounded from within.

"This is surely Florien's," thought she, and she looked for the other gift with less pleasure. It was an elegant little gold watch with a Parisian landscape, a gazelle and bird's of Paradise beautifully engraved on the back. When a spring was touched, the watch was opened, a little circular plate of gold slid away, and came a beautiful rose, round which a jewelled bee buzzed audibly. On the edge of the golden circle below, were the words "Rosa bella," in ultramarine enamel. When another spring was touched, the rose went away, and the same melody that sounded from the heart of the golden apple, seemed to be played by fairies on tinckling dew drops. It paused a moment, and then struck up a lively dance. The circular plate then rolled away, and up sprang an inch-tall opera dancer, with enamelled scarf, and a very small diamond on her brow. Leaping and whirling on an almost invisible thread of gold, she kept perfect time to the music, and turned her scarf most gracefully. Rosebella drew a long breath, and a roseate tinge mantled her beautiful face, as she met her grandfather's gaze fixed lovingly upon her. She thought to herself—"There is no doubt now which is Florien's," but she said aloud,

"They are both very beautiful, are they not, dear grandfather? I am not worthy that so much pains should be taken to please me."

The old man smiled upon her, and fondly patted the luxurient brown hair, which shone like threads of amber in the sun.

"Which dost thou think the most beautiful, Rosabella," asked he.

She evaded the question, by asking—

"Which do you?"

"I will tell thee when thou hast decided," answered he.

She twisted and untwisted the strings of her boddice, and said she was afraid she should not be impartial.

"Why not?" he enquired.

She looked down bashfully, and murmured in a low voice—

"Because, I can easily guess which is Florien's."

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the kind old man, and he playfully chucked her under the chin, as he added—

"Then I suppose I shall offend thee when I give a verdict for the bee and the opera dancer!"

She looked up blushing, and her large serious brown eye had for a moment a comic expression, as she said—

"I shall do the same."

Never were disciples of the beautiful placed in circumstances more favorable to the developement of poetic souls. The cottage of Antoine Berguet was—

"In a glade,
Where the sun harbors; and one side of it
Listen to bees, another to a brook.
Lovers, that have just parted for the night,
Dream of such spots when they have said their prayers;
Or some tried parent, holding by the hand
A child, and walking towards the sun."

In the stillness of the night they could hear the rushing of the arrowy Rhone. From a neighboring eminence could be seen the transparent Lake of Geneva, reflecting the deep blue heaven above. Mountains, in all fantastic forms enclosed them round; now draped in heavy masses of sombre clouds, and now half revealed through the sun-lighted vapor, like a veil of gold. The flowing silver of little water-falls gleamed among the dark rock. Grape vines hung their rich festoons by the road side, and the beautiful barbary bush embroidered their leaves with its scarlet clusters. They lived under the same roof, with a guileless old man, and a sinless maiden, just verging into womanhood: and more than all, they were both under the influence of that great inspired love.

Rosabella was so uniformly kind to both, that Pierre could never relinquish the hopes that constant devotedness might in time win her affections for himself.—Florien, having a more cheerful character, and more reliance on his own fascinations, was merely anxious that the lovely maiden should prefer his workmanship as decidedly as she did his person and manners. Under this powerful stimulus, in addition to the ambition excited by the old watchmaker's proposal, the competition between them was active and incessant. But the ground work of their character was so good, that all the little heart-burnings of envy and jealousy were quickly checked by the predominance of generous and kindly sentiments.

One evening Rosabella was reading to her grandfather a description of the Albino squirrel. The pure white animal with pink eyes and a feathery tale, pleased her fancy extremely, and she expressed a strong desire to see one. Pierre said nothing—but not long after as they sat eating grapes after dinner, a white squirrel leaped on the table, frisked from shoulder to shoulder, and at last sat with a grape in his paws. Rosabella uttered an exclamation of delight.

"It is alive!" she said.

"Do you not see that it is?" rejoined Pierre. "Call the dog and see what he says about it."

"We have so many things here, which are alive, and yet not alive," she replied smiling.

Florien warmly praised the pretty automaton; but he was somewhat vexed that he himself did not think of making the graceful little animal for which the maiden had expressed a wish.—Her pet canary had died the day before, and his eye happened to rest on the empty cage hanging over the flower-stand. "I too, will give her a pleasure," thought he.

A few weeks after, as they sat at breakfast, sweet notes were heard from the cage, precisely the same the canary used to sing; and looking up, the astonished maiden saw him hopping about, nibbling the sugar and picking his feathers, as lively as ever. Florien smiled, and said:

"Is it as much alive as Pierre's squirrel?"

The approach of the next birth day was watched with eager expectation; for even the old man began to feel as keen pleasure in the competition as if he had witnessed a race between fleet horses. Pierre, excited by the maiden's declaration that she mistook his golden apple for Florien's workmanship, produced a much more elegant specimen of art than he had ever before conceived. It was a barometer supported by two knights in silver chain armor, who went in when it rained, and came out when the sun shone. On the top of the barometer was a small silver basket, of exceeding delicate workmanship, filled with such flowers as close in damp weather. When the knights retired, these flowers closed their enamelled petals, and when the knights returned, the flowers expanded.

Florien produced a silver chariot, with two spirited and finely proportioned horses. A revolving circle in the wheels showed the day of the week, throughout the year. Each month was surrounded by its zodiacal sign, beautifully enamelled in green, crimson and gold. At ten o'clock the figure of a young girl, wearing Rosabella's usual costume, and resembling her in form and features, ascended slowly from behind the wheel, and at the same moment, the three Graces rose up in the chariot and held garlands over her. From the axel-tree emerged a young man in Florien's dress, and kneeling offered a rose to the maiden.

It was so beautiful as a whole, and so exquisitely finished in all its details, that Pierre clenched his fingers till the nails cut him, so hard did he try to conceal the bitterness of his disappointment at his own manifest inferiority. Could he have had an hour all would have been well.—But as he stepped out on the piazza, followed by Florien, he saw him kiss his hand triumphantly to Rosabella, and she returned it with a modest but expressive glance. Unfortunately he held in his hand a jewelled dagger, of Turkish workmanship, which Antoine Breguet had asked him to return to its case in the workshop. Stung with disappointment, love and ambition, the tempestuous feelings so painfully restrained, burst forth like a whirlwind. Quick as a flash of lightning he made a thrust at his graceful rival. Then, frightened at what he had done, and full of horror at thoughts of Rosabella's distress, he rushed into the road, and up the sides of the hills like a madman.

A year passed, and no one heard tidings of him. On the anniversary of Rosabella's birth the aged grandsire sat alone, sunning his white locks at the open window, when Pierre Berthoud entered, pale and haggard. He was such a skeleton of his former self that his master did not recognize him, till he knelt at his feet and said—

"Forgive me, father, I am Pierre."

The poor old man shook violently, and covered his face with trembling hands.

"Ah! wretched one," said he, "how darest thou come hither, with murder on thy soul?"

"Murder!" exclaimed Pierre, in a voice so terribly deep and distinct that it seemed to freeze the blood of him who listened. "Is he dead? Did I kill the beautiful youth whom I loved so much?" He fell forward on the floor, and the groan that came from his strong chest was like an earthquake tearing up trees by the roots.

Antoine Breguet was deeply moved, and tears flowed fast over his furrowed face.

"Rise, my son," said he, "and make thy escape, lest they come to arrest thee."

"Let them come," replied Pierre, gloomily. "Why should I live?" Then raising his head from the floor, he said slowly, and with great fear—

"Father, where is Rosebella?"

The old man covered his face and sobbed out, "I shall never see her again! These old eyes will never again look on her blessed face!"—Many minutes they remained thus, when he repeated, "I shall never see her face again!"

The young man clasped his hands convulsively, and groaned in agony.

At last the housekeeper came in—a woman whom Pierre had known and loved in boyhood. When her first surprise was over she promised to conceal his arrival, and persuaded him to go to the garret and try to compose his too strongly excited feelings. In the course of the day she explained to him how Florien had died of his wound, and how Rosabella pined away in silent melancholy, often sitting at the spinning wheel with the suspended thread in her hand, as if unconscious where she was. During all that wretched night the young man could not close his eyes in sleep. Phantoms of the past flitted through his brain, and remorse gnawed at his heart strings. In the deep stillness of midnight, he seemed to hear the voice of the bereaved old man, sounding mournfully distinct, "I shall never see again!" He prayed earnestly to die—but suddenly an idea flashed into his mind, and revived his desire to live. Full of his new project, he rose early and sought his good master. Sinking on his knees knees, he exclaimed—

"Oh, my father, say that you forgive me!—I implore you to give my soul that one gleam of consolation. Believe me, I would sooner have died myself than have killed him. But my passions were by nature so strong. How I have curbed them, He alone knows. Alas! that they should have burst the bonds in that one mad moment, and destroyed the two best loved on earth. Oh, father, can you say that you forgive me?"

With a quivering voice, the old man replied:

"I do forgive you, and bless you, my son."—He laid his hand on his thick matted hair, and added, "I, too, have need of forgiveness. I did very wrong thus to put two generous natures in rivalship with each other. A genuine love of beauty, for its own sake, is the only healthy stimulous to produce the beautiful. The spirit of competition took you out of your spheres and placed you in a false position. In grand conceptions, and in works of durability and strength, you would always have excelled Florien, as much as he surpassed you in tastefulness and elegance. By striving to be what he was, you parted with your own gifts, without attaining to his. Every man in the natural sphere of his own talent, and all in harmony; this is the true order, my son; and I tempted you to violate it. In my foolish pride, I earnestly desired to have a world-renowned successor to the famous Antoine Breguet. I wanted that the old stand should be kept up in all glory, and continue to rival all competitors. I thought you could superadd his gifts to your own, and yet retain your own characteristic excellencies. Therefore I stimulated your intellect and imagination, to the utmost, without reflecting that your heart might break in the process. God forgive me—it was too severe a trial for poor human nature. And do thou, my son, forgive this insane ambition, for severely has my pride been humbled."

Pierre could not speak, but he covered the wrinkled hands with kisses, and clasped his knees convulsively. At last he said—

"Let me remain concealed here for awhile. You shall see her again, only give me time."—When he exclaimed that he would make Rosabella's likeness from memory, the sorrowing parent shook his head and sighed as he answered:

"Ah, my son, the soul in her eye, and the light grace of her motions, no art can transfer."

But to Pierre's excited imagination there was henceforth only one object in life, and that was to re-produce Rosabella. In the keen conflict of competition, under the fiery stimulus of love and ambition, his strong and impetuous soul had become machine-mad; and now overwhelming grief centered all his stormy energies on one object. Day by day, in the loneliness of his garret, he worked upon the image until he come to love it almost as much as he had loved the maiden herself. Antoine Breguet readily supplied materials. From childhood he had been interested in all forms of mechanism; and this image so entwined with his affections, took a strong hold of his imagination also. Nearly a year had passed away, when the housekeeper, who was in the secret, came to ask for Rosabella's hair, and the dress she usually wore. The old man gave her the keys, and wiped the starting tears as he turned silently away. A few days after, Pierre invited him to come and look upon his work.

"Do not go too suddenly," he said; "prepare yourself for a shock; for indeed it is very like our lost one."

"I will go—I will go," replied the old man, eagerly. "Am I not accustomed to see all manner of antamata and anroides? Did I not myself make a flute player which performed sixteen tunes, to the admiration of all who heard him? And think you I shall be frightened by an image?"

"Not frightened, dear father," answered Pierre, "but I was afraid you might be overcome with emotion." He led him to the apartment, and said, "Shall I remove the veil now? Can you bear it, dear father?"

"I can," was the calm reply. But when the curtain was removed, he started and exclaimed,

"Santa Maria! It *is* Rosabella! She *is not* dead!"

He tottered forward and kissed the cold lips and cold hands, and tears rained on the bright brown hair, as he cried out—

"My child! my child!"

When the tumult of feeling had subsided, the aged mourner kissed Pierre's hands, and said—

"It is wonderfully like her in every feature and in every tint. It seems as if she would move and breathe."

"It *will* move and breathe," replied Pierre; "only give me time."

His voice sounded so wildly, and his great, deep-set eyes burned with such intense enthusiasm, that his friend was alarmed. They clasped each others hands, and spoke more quietly of the beloved one.

"This is all that remains to us," said the old man, "we are alone in the world. You were a friendless orphan when you came to me; and I am childless."

With a passionate outburst of grief, the young man replied—

"And it was I, my benefactor, who made you so. Wretch that I am!"

From that time the work went with greater zeal than ever. Pierre often forgot to taste his food, so absorbed was he in the perfection of his machine. First the arms moved obedient to his wishes, then the eyes turned, and the lips parted. Meanwhile his own face grew thinner and paler, and his eyes glowed with a wilder fire.

Finally it was whispered that Pierre Berthoud was concealed in Antoine Breguet's cottage and officers came to arrest him. But the venerable watchmaker told the story so touchingly, and painted so highly the young man's conquering agony of grief and remorse, and pleaded so earnestly that he might be allowed to finish a wonderful image of his beautiful grand-child, that they promised not to disturb him till the work was accomplished.

Two years from the day of Pierre's return, on the anniversary of the memorable birth-day, he said—

"Now, my father, I have done all that art can do. Come and see the beautiful one."

He led him into the little room where Rosabella used to work. There she sat, spinning diligently. The beautiful formed bust rose and fell under her neat boddice. Her lips were parted, and her eyes followed the direction of the thread. But what made it seem more fearfully like life, was the fact that ever and anon the wheel rested, and the maiden held the suspended thread, with her eye-lids lowered, as if she were lost in thought. Above the flower stand, near by, hung the bird-cage, with Florien's artificial Canary. The pretty little automaton had been long silent; but now its springs were set in motion, and it poured forth all its melodies.

The bereaved old man pressed Pierre's hand, and gazed upon his darling grand-child silently. He caused his arm chair to be brought into the room, and ever after, while he retained his faculties, he refused to sit elsewhere.

The fame of this remarkable android soon spread through all the region round about.—The citizens of Geneva united in earnest petition that the artist might be excused from any penalty for the accidental murder he had committed. The magistrates came and looked at the breathing maiden, and touched the beautiful flesh, which seemed as if it would yield to their pressure. They saw the wild, haggard artist, with lines of suffering cut so deeply in his youthful brow, and they at once granted the prayer of the citizens.

But Pierre had nothing more to live for.—His work in the world was done. The artificial energy supplied by one absorbing idea, was gone; and the contemplation of his own work was driving him to madness. It so closely resembled life that he longed more and more to have it live. The lustrous eyes moved, but they had no light from the soul, and they would not answer to his earnest gaze. The beautiful lips parted, but they never spoke kind words as in the days of yore. The image began to fill him with supernatural awe, yet he was continually drawn towards it by a resistless influence.—Three months after its completion, he was found at daylight, lying at its feet, stone dead.

Antoine Breguet survived two years. During the first eighteen months, he was never willing to have the image of his lost darling out of his sight. The latter part of the time he often whistled to the bird, and talked to her, and seemed to imagine that she answered him.—But with increasing imbecility, Rosabella was forgotten. He sometimes asked—

"Who *is* that young woman?" And at last, he said—"Send her away—she looks at me."

The magic lanthorn of departing memory then presented a phantom of his wife, dead long ago. He busied himself with making imaginary watches and rings for her, and held long conversations as if she were present. Afterwards, the wife was likewise forgotten, and he was occupied entirely with his mother, and the scenes of early childhood. Finally he wept often, and repeated continually, "They are all waiting for me, and I want to go home." When he was eighty years old, compassionate angels took the weary pilgrim in their arms and carried him home.

What's the news, neighbor?

"O, not much in particular—they say breadstuffs are in a rapid decline."

"That's no news—they've been in consumption all winter."

"Is that a lightning bug in the street?" asked a purblind old lady.

"No, grandma," said a pert Miss, "it's a big bug with a rigue."

From Mexico. The New Orleans Picayune of the 13th says El Republicano of June 29th gives information in relation to the American prisoners, from which it appears that they have left the capital for Huejuila. The 180 Yankee prisoners of war whom the government sent by this route, have been detained at the above named town, and we learn that General Garay has not the necessary means for supplying them with food.

The Republicano says our army is to insignificant to advance, but hopes it is true that Gen. Scott intends doing so, as it will afford a good test of the fidelity of those Mexicans who have pledged themselves to defend the capital till death.

On the 25th ult. rumors, which the Republicano calls very alarming, were in circulation in the capital. It was said that the Mexican government had acceded to the mediation of England. That the English secretary of legation had been down to Puebla and returned on the 24th, that the object of his visit was to negotiate with Gen. Scott a treaty of peace, and that terms agreed upon between them would be the surrender of the Californias to the Americans; the recognition of the independence of Texas, and the acknowledgment of the line of 36 degrees as the northern boundary between the United States and Mexico. This line would give Santa Fe, and over a third of New Mexico, to the United States.

Santa Anna celebrated his birth day by a banquet, which was censured by the press.—Mexican troops at Mettehuela were suffering much sickness.

Gen. Ricon has been restored to the command which he resigned along with Bravo.—Santa Anna issued a decree of indemnity for all political offences on the 14th.

The blockade of Mazatlan, June 29th, is represented as being strictly maintained by the Cyane, Independence and Eliza.

Fifty officers have been promoted by government for good conduct at Buena Vista.

El Razonador calls the earnest attention of government to the immense contraband trade carried on from the ports of San Sebastian and Mazatlan. Immense quantics of bullion are taken thither from Zacatecas and clandestinely sent on board of English vessels of war. The English ship Carysfort is charged with having received large sums on board.

El Republicano gives the vote of the different states at the presidential election on the 15th of May, and says the 81st article of the constitution provides that to make an election valid, three-fourths of the states entitled to a vote must vote. As there were twenty-three states entitled to vote at the late election, and only fifteen votes were cast, being less than three fourths, the election has failed.

Later from the Pacific. Lieut Hawison, of the U. S. navy, came passenger in the ship Norma, arrived yesterday from Havana. He is bearer of despatches from Com. Biddle and Gen. Kearny, dated Monterey, California, March 18th. Lieut H. came by way of Valparaiso and Panama, but brings nothing of interest from the western coast. The difficulties existing between Peru and Bolivia, it was apprehended would result in war. The Peruvian navy, consisting of two brigs and two schooners were anchored off Arica, preparing to assist in defence of the town, which was threatened by the Bolivians. The U. S. frigate Savannah, Capt. Morvine, was to sail from Valparaiso June 1st, for Rio and New York.

About the 12th of May, the whale ship Stonington was spoken, 75 days from St. Blas: she was bound to Chili. Her captain had been made prisoner by the Mexicans at St. Blas; but was subsequently released and sailed for the United States. [N. Y. Herald.

No Later from Mexico. Vera Cruz dates to the 7th, and letters from the city of Mexico, from Major Gaines, to the 26th, have been received at New Orleans. The rank and file of prisoners amount to one hundred and seventy, who have been released and sent to Tampico. The officers are still in Mexico; but Major Gaines had received assurance from Gen. Scott that immediately on his arrival in the vicinity of the city he will make peremptory demands for their release.

Gen. Scott had exerted himself in vain to insure their release. Major Gaines says all of Gen. Scott's measures are taken preparatory to moving onwards, and preparations are nearly completed, having force sufficient to accomplish his objects effectually, and had positive information of his readiness to move on the capital three or four days from the date of the letter.

Troops in Gen. Scott's Army. We learn at the adjutant general's office that more than seven thousand troops (new regiments and reorganized companies of the old) have been sent to reinforce the army under Maj. General Scott; and the official reports have been received, which show that nearly five thousand had arrived at Vera Cruz between the 23d of May and 26 of June, and which, we understand, have been pushed forward to join the advancing column of the army with all practical expedition.

The entire force in advance of Vera Cruz, operating in the interior, and moving in the direction of the capital, exceeds fifteen thousand. These are, of course, exclusive of the garrisons at Tampico and Vera Cruz. It is impossible to determine what deduction should be made on account of the sick; but, according to the best judgment of military men, it should be put down at not less than 2,600; which would make the efficient force in the heart of Mexico about thirteen thousand, exclusive of staff corps.

[Washington Union.

What sort of keys are required to unlock the Halls of the Montezumas? D'ye give it up? The Yankees, to be sure.

Vera Cruz.—The following extract from a letter dated Vera Cruz, June 28th, from an officer of the army, though written without a design for publication, will be read with interest:

"The Castle, which is so celebrated, I visited to-day. It is a more extensive work than any in the United States. It has a sea-battery nearly a mile in circumference, and has been enlarged by adding an additional battery wall along the whole side of the main Castle. It will take 3000 men to man it. It is at present commanded by Maj. Clark, who has only a small garrison of 100 men. It is as healthy as any place, since our folks have policed it and cleaned it. It has a vast quantity of ammunition and heavy guns; seven water tanks, which hold 100,000 cubic feet of water, supplied by rain. It is built of common porous coral stone, and very soft, but so thick that the balls make but little impression, except on the edges of the embrazures, and corners of the battlements,—these are pretty well battered up. The quarters in it are not near as comfortable as Fort Adams. I should think the enemy would feel ashamed of having surrendered it. The town is built on the same plan as Havana, though it is not near one third as large. It is walled all round, and flanked by two forts, which appear to be strong enough. The town is white, and made up of domes, and pinnacles and towers.—The most of the inhabitants are squalid and poor enough. There is no place where ships can haul in, but there is a large mole or wharf built of stone, about 40 rods long and 20 wide, with cranes on each side, and lighters beyond number. It is quite sickly in the city, but it is not vomito. The medical director says it it mild yellow fever, and yields readily to timely treatment. The troops are not allowed to go into the city, because they will eat and drink too much of things that are injurious; they are encamped about a mile below the city, on the banks of the bay, where the sea-breeze is delightful, and where the water is good. There are about 200 artillery, 200 dragoons, 100 voltigeurs, and about 1000 infantry; we are soon to leave for Jalapa, with a train. There is nothing between us and Gen. Scott, and we are to join him as soon as possible. The men are in good health and spirits. A steamer has just arrived from New Orleans, full of troops—300 or 400 from Tennessee." A. T. P.

Extract from a letter dated city of Mexico, June 30:—

"We are in the extremity of confusion and distress. The whole capital is more like a prison or slaughter house than anything else.—The poor shivering citizens, anxious to hasten the Americans, from whom they expect protection, dare not open their mouths, nor scarcely move, they are so fearful of the soldiers and robbers, who have been gathered here from all the dens and holes of the country. The most exaggerated and extravagant reports are in circulation—the entire population are in constant apprehension of some terrible blow, and could not be more excited by a summons from the other world. They look upon Generals Taylor and Scott as men of more consequence than all the crowned heads on earth. About 12 o'clock last night an alarm was given, which roused cavalry, infantry and citizens, who commenced yelling, ringing the bells and firing cannon; and it less than ten minutes the streets were full, expecting to meet Gen. Scott, who was said to be near the gates, loading his mortars with 18-inch shells. Men, women and children half dressed or with only their night clothes on, might be seen running some towards Gaudalupe, some towards Tacubya, and others to and fro while a heavy storm of thunder and lightning glared over the terror-stricken city. Many took the thunder and lightning to be Gen. Scott bombarding the walls, and such as had courage began to arm, some with old gun stocks, some with gun-barrels, some with sticks of wood, knives, forks, or whatever they could lay their hands on, and thus equipped rushed into the plaza, in front of the palace, where, in a huddled mass, they awaited annihilation as they believed. The priests hurried to the church altars to implore forgiveness for the last great sin and prepare to come under the United States, and thousands of the populace rushed after them, filling the churches waving burning candles in their hands. In the meantime the robbers, who are believed to have raised the alarm on purpose, plundered houses and stores, stript shawls from the women in the streets and churches, and a number of citizens were trampled to death or killed outright in the terrible crowd. Under this dreadful state of things no business can be done. Every one keeps his doors barred and bolted—debts are repudiated—and nobody thinks of honor, relationship or society, beyond taking care of his own life."

The Mexican population of this city, we are credibly informed, has increased upwards of a thousand within the last eighty days, "and the cry is still they come." The new comers are represented as wounded and discharged Mexican soldiers, in search of employment. Many officers are also said to have arrived. They are all honest and deserving people, no doubt, but it is well to keep an eye on them for all that.

[Matamoros Flag.

The National Intelligencer of July 10 says—"At this instant the executive is pressing upon Mexico for a negotiation, terms of fair and honorable peace for both sides."

Now, whiggies, do not accuse the President of desiring to prolong the war, after this.

☞ The French government has ordered that scientific men in all the departments shall examine microscopically, every fortnight, the growing potatoes in the several districts, with a view to discover if the plant be again tainted, and the cause, if such a calamity again arise.

UNDER THE FIFTH RIB.

Col. Doniphan, the brave soldier whose praise is in all the papers, went to the war as a whig and for aught we know, has returned one. At a late meeting in St. Louis, he made a speech, an extract from which we publish for the particular benefit of the leading federalists of Maine. If the rebukes do not cut them to the core, it will be because the core is rotten.

"Men who were engrossed in the strife of political prejudices were willing, like Roderick Dhu and Fitz James, to lay aside those prejudices, for the time, when a common enemy was to be engaged; to renew their dissentions, if ever, when peace should be restored. Fellow citizens, I wish the same patriotic feeling had existed in the councils of this nation. I wish that Mexico could have seen the same unanimity in our people, in the prosecution of this war, that they have seen in our forces, in the field. I recollect well the impression made on my mind, on one occasion, when an express sent by me to Gen. Wool brought me such stray papers as had found their way to the general's camp; the latest dates were of the 29th November; consequently we had seen nothing of the proceedings of the last session of Congress, or the President's message.

The first thing I cast my eye upon was a speech of Mr. Corwin, Senator from Ohio, denouncing the war, and those engaged in it as little better than a band of robbers. Gentlemen, a winter shower bath would have been pleasant compared to my sensations on reading it! Freezing—chilling! Such speeches might have been popular in the United States, but place yourselves where we have been and endure what we have undergone, and then imagine our sensations!—We were in a city numbering in population at least twenty times our force, and surrounded by enemies on both sides. We had crossed the Sierra Madre, and found when we had arrived at Chihuahua that we were looked upon as little better than a band of robbers! Fellow citizens, the speeches which are made in opposition to this war are said to emanate from the peace party—but I say they are made by those who are postponing the peace eternally!"

ANOTHER BONE FOR THE ADVERTISER.

The following letter was addressed to a gentleman in Troy, N. Y. and appears in the Post in that city. It is traveling the rounds of the press; and, though rather late, we give it to our readers as a part of the political history of the times. Gen. Taylor says, "I will not be the candidate of ANY PARTY or CLIQUE," and so far corroborates his Cincinnati letter. The federalists are certainly in a bad way. If they must have a military chieftain, let them take Santa Anna. his sentiments and theirs closely agree. Argus.

Headquarters Army of Occupation,
Camp near Monterey, May 25, 1847.

Dear sir—It is with much pleasure that I acknowledge the receipt of your most interesting letter of the first inst. and to which I desire to reply in terms more expressive of my thanks to you for your kind consideration for myself, and yet more so of my high appreciation of the upright and patriotic sentiments which are the principal tenor of your letter; but I am burdened with official duties, and at this moment, with many letters from distant sources which require attention and will necessarily oblige me to reply to you in a few lines.

The Presidential office presents no inducements to me to seek its honors or responsibilities; the tranquility of private life, on the contrary, is the great object of my aspirations on the conclusion of the war—but I am not insensible to the persuasion that my services are yet due to the country, as the country shall see fit to command them: if still as a soldier, I am satisfied; if in higher and more responsible duties, I desire not to oppose the manifest wish of the people—but I will not be the candidate of any party or clique, and should the nation at large seek to place me in the chair of chief magistracy, the good of all parties and national good would be my great and absorbing aim.

Sentiments such as these have been the burden of my replies to all who have addressed me on this subject, expressing the assurance that by the spontaneous and unanimous voice of the people alone, and from no agency of my own, can I be withdrawn from the cherished hopes of private retirement and tranquility when peace shall return.

Please accept, with this my brief reply, the warm appreciation and high consideration of

Yours most sincerely,
Z. TAYLOR. Maj. Gen. U. S. A.

A Hard Hit. The Boston Courier, in alluding to a late letter from Gen. Taylor, thus hits "the Ashland farmer:"—

"He undoubtedly covets a nomination from both the great political parties. Perhaps he might strengthen his chance, if he should unite himself in communion with one popular church and be baptised according to the form of another."

☞ Col. Benton said to Col Doniphan, in his welcome speech—"You marched farther than the farthest, fought as well as the best, left order and quiet in your train, and cost less money than any."

"There are hanging on the whig party, as there are upon every party, men whose only object is a share of the spoils," says the Providence Journal, and we do not doubt the fact.

The whigs talk of making Butts speaker of congress! If they do they will not only have the *butts* but the *staggers*, also.

Specie. The amount of specie brought by the Brittania, entered at the Boston Custom House, Monday, was $170,353.

[From the Washington Union]

THE TWO AMERICAN MARINES AT HAVANA

The "Delaware Gazette" of yesterday publishes a letter from Mr James H. Jones, of the marine corps, written on the 17th ult., complaining of his treatment by the Spanish authorities. He concludes by saying that our consul (Mr Campbell) "succeeded in obtaining for us our liberty, on our parole of honor, until he could hear from the captain general, as he had written to him asking for our release; an answer was received last evening, refusing in the most positive manner, to release us. And I am informed by authority that it is that intention of the captain of the port to confine us in the common jail to-morrow (Monday.) You may rest assured that I will not submit to this, without making a *strenuous protest*, against it. * * * * * * * * * I forgot to mention, *they seized our boat and placed a guard over her.*"

The editor of the Delaware "Gazette" adds that—

"Lieut. Jones was one of the officers of the regiment of marines shipped from Philadelphia for Vera Cruz, to join Gen. Scott, in the ship Atlas, chartered by the United States for the purpose shortly since."

We understand the facts in the case to be that the ship chartered as a transport, to take a detachment of marines to Vera Cruz from New York, appeared off the habor of Havana. A boat with three lieutenants of marines, and Mr. Twiggs, with a boat's crew, left the ship, and after some parley at the Moro Castle, they entered the harbor, and landed at the step at the port captain's office. The American officers did not intend to enter in violation of the laws of the island; but they did enter without lawful authority, and in violation of the sanitary laws; for which they were arrested. The penalty was a fine of $ 200 each. The consul requested the governor to remit the fine. The governor agreed to do this, if the master of the vessel would make entry, and if, on inspection by a health officer, there was found to be no contagious disease on board. The captain of the transport refused to comply with Lieutenant Colonel Watson's request, or to obey his order to this effect; because, in doing so, he would have forfeited his policy of insurance.

Lieuts. Baker and Rich paid their fines, and sailed in the transport. Mr Campbell offered to advance the money and pay the fine of Lieut Jones and Mr Twiggs, which they declined, and instructed him by letter, not to make the payment. On the consul's pledge of honor that they would not leave Havana without paying the fine, they were set at liberty, and we cannot believe that they would be imprisoned.

There seems to be nothing in the case which would justify a complaint of the conduct of Gen. O Donnell, who, we beg leave to say, has been distinguished by his justice and kindness towards the citizens of the United States. These young gentleman did not design to violate the quarantine laws—that is very clear; they endeavored avoid doing so; but, for want of proper information, they did violate these regulations, and it would seem to have been better to pay the penalty and leave their application for its remission in the hands of the consul, and go with the transport in execution of the orders of their government, than to attempt to make a national question with our neighbors out of such facts.

The British in China. We suppose that the doings of Sir John Davis will not be disavowed or set aside by the government at home; they may be disapproved, perhaps, by the English press, or some portion of it, but we venture to say that the disapproval will be conveyed in moderate if not very gentle language. There will be no such talk of infamy, of monstrous and unheard-of cruelty, barbarism, &c., &c., from the London Times, Mr. Douglas Jerrold and others, as was shouted aloud when Vera Cruz was bombarded by General Scott. Yet if it was such a monstrous thing for Gen. Scott to bombard the city of Vera Cruz after weeks of warning preparation—giving ample time and opportunity for women and children to be placed beyond the reach of danger—what shall we say to Sir John Davis, who had actually resolved and prepared to bombard the city of Canton without a day of warning—who came suddenly upon the city, in time of peace, when there could be no expectation of attack, when there was chance of escape for not a woman or a child among all those teeming thousands, and coolly announced to the native authorities that if all his demands were not yielded at once, he would rain his shells and cannon balls upon their heads? Verily, we shall await with some interests a Times comparison between the conduct of General Scott and that of Sir John Davis. [N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, said to a horticultural society, the other day—

"I will, next meeting, show you the ninth wonder of the world. When at New Orleans three years since, a lady presented me with a dried-up plant, that for three years had been deposited in her bedroom, and never in contact with earth or water. It has been on a shelf in my room for three years, and for six years has been as dry and shrivelled as a root of parsley would be after being six years out of the ground in a warm room. I will in three hours thereafter show it to you fully expanded, in full growth and vigor."

We know of some dry human plants that would give Mr. L. a jewel if he would impart to them freshness and vigor.

☞ A lady, a regular "shopper," who made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in his shop—they were full goods—objected that none were long enough. "I want the very longest hose that are made." "Then, madam, you had better apply at the next Engine House."

Sale of Liverpool Liners. The New York Express says: "A large and unusual sale was made at auction, by L. M. Hoffman & son. That of a large portion of the line of packets, composed of the ships Garrick, Siddons, Sheridan and Roscious were knocked down to H. & D. Cotheal, at the rate of one hundred and seventy four thousand dollars for the whole. The present agent, E. K. Collins, was the founder of this line. It is understood that he sells out his interest pahparitory to his establishing a line of steamers."

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 27, 1847.

"The Union—it must be preserved."

Oxford Senatorial and County Conventions.

A Convention of the Democratic Republicans of Oxford Senatorial District will be held by their Delegates at the Court House in Paris, on Thursday, the nineteenth day of August next, at ten of the clock A. M., for the purpose of selecting Three Candidates for the State Senate, to be supported at the ensuing election.

Also—A Convention of the Democratic Republicans of the County of Oxford will be holden on the same day, and at the same place, at two o'clock P. M., for the purpose of selecting one Candidate for County Commissioner, and a Candidate for County Treasurer, to be supported at the ensuing election.

The usual basis of representation will be observed. All towns and Plantations which give fifty Democratic votes, or a less number, will be entitled to one Delegate; over fifty and less than one hundred and twenty-five, two; over one hundred and twenty-five and less than two hundred and fifty, three; over two hundred and fifty and less than four hundred, four; all over four hundred, five Delegates.

By order of County Committee.

July 12th, 1847.

Fourth Congressional District.

As there is no Committee in the Oxford portion of the 4th Congressional District, and as it is understood that the Oxford towns are to select a Delegate to attend the next National Convention for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice President, it may be deemed important for the several towns in said District, that send Delegates to the Democratic County Convention to be holden at Paris on the 19th of August next, to take the same into consideration, as it will be important to select a Delegate or take some action thereon. *By Request.*

Caucus.

THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS

Of the town of Paris are notified and requested to meet at the Town House on Paris Hill, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST SEVENTH,

at four o'clock P. M., for the purpose of selecting four Delegate to attend the Senatorial and County Conventions to be holden at the Court House in said town on the 19th of August next.

Also—To nominate a candidate to be supported at the ensuing election, for Representative to the next Legislature.

A punctual and full attendance is requested.

By Order of Town Committee.

Paris, July 26, 1847.

Election.....Monday, September 13.

DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

FOR GOVERNOR,

John W. Dana.

DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLE.

A certain federal clergyman stated in substance not long since, that "Democracy in this country is carried to excess, and is the very spirit which Christianity endeavors to subdue. From feeling as many do that they ought to have no human being above them, the transition is easy to feeling that divine authority is too great a restraint. From feeling that they ought to share equal privileges and advantages with others, without respect to talents, and conduct, they come to believe that they ought to share all the blessings of religion, without regard to character. As for those restraints which the gospel would impose on man's opinions, they are a violation of political rights—they cannot be endured. They are unconstitutional. The people must not only have a democratic government, but a democratic religion, that gives indulgence to inclination, and a democratic Deity, who beholds with equal favor all descriptions of character, and a democratic heaven, which all the people have free, equal and unalienable right to enter, without regard to conduct, just as they have to vote in town meeting. This wild spirit allies itself with all forms of infidelity—democracy and infidelity went hand in hand in the French Revolution, and does the same thing now, being of course entirely adverse to Christianity."

Now the distinctive features of the Democratic Principle are entirely the reverse of what they are represented in the above statements. It goes hand in hand with the true spirit of Christianity; while it declares "equal privileges," it "respects talents and conduct;" it looks to the *man*, and not to the *money* which he may possess; it has faith in humanity,—confidence in man; it looks through the clerical *robes* of the "Pharasee and hypocrite," to the *heart*, and if that be right, it does not ask for forms or ceremonies, compulsory laws and endowed establishments; it proclaims freedom of thought; freedom of religion; and the progress of humanity in all that elevates and adorns; it would make men what they are intended to be, but little lower than the angels. Were it not for the opposition it has received in this and other countries, it would have rendered important aid christianizing the world. Opposed to religion? Is there more pure religion under despotic and monarchial governments, than under republican governments? Has infidelity been exhibited *only* in the United States, and in France during the Revolution? Did our Pilgrim fathers flee from the influence of The Democratic Principle, to shelter themselves under the broad, *liberal* and *tolerant* shield of despotism? Or did they not rather prefer the dangers of the ocean, the privations and hardships of the wilderness, and the *tender mercies* of the Indians, who acknowledge no earthly masters, and who roam in the wilderness of freedom through their native forests, in no fear of the *dungeon* and the *stake*, for the free expression of their theological heresies—and

——whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind!

What was it but the kindling spark of the democratic principle that lit up the fires of the Reformation? What was it but its antagonistical principle which shed the blood of the martyrs, and has sacrificed its thousands and tens of thousands upon the altar of a soulless despotism? Why, the man, that will assert at this day, that the *democratic principle is adverse* to Christianity, is deserving of no better fate than to be a slave of some foreign despot, till he learns to value and respect the civil and religious institutions of a *Free* and *Democratic* Government.

A few weeks since we wrote a short article in reference to the duty of the friends of democracy, in which we stated that they should be true to the democratic principle, which declares uncompromising hostility to every form of tyranny! We also stated that "the very foundation of our party should be economy, equality, liberty, justice,—these are the crowning stones of American Democracy." This the editor of the Liberty Standard thinks a burlesque on the democratic party. But the editor may be assured that no burlesque was intended, for we really believe that the democratic party as a whole, is opposed to slavery in "all its forms," not even excepting Southern slavery.—True, the party does not agree with all the wild notions of the Abolitionists, in relation to the removal of the evil. It would not emancipate the slaves before they are made capable of enjoying their freedom, and of obtaining means of subsistence, believing it would be no mercy to them. It would not do injustice to the slave holder, though in the wrong, but it would gladly see the slaves and planters free from the evil;—and it has no sympathy for the opinions of those who would sever the Union as a means of effecting their object, for should the Union be dissolved, slavery would still exist. If the Editor, Mr. Willey, instead of perpetually harping upon the evils of slavery, which no one disputes, and denouncing all who do not agree with him, will point out an effectual *remedy*, we will give it due consideration. And if he would secure the respect of community, and give to his paper a salutary influence, we would recommend that he, himself, cease to be a slave to that mean and low spirit that dictated the absurd and contemptible article which appeared in the Standard of July first, in reference to the President's visit. Such an article is not the offspring of a *free* mind and elevated thought.

We learn that at the celebration of the Sons of Temperance and Washingtonians, at Skowhegan, July third, Rev. L. P. Rand delivered the Oration. By way of introduction, he very naturally congratulated his audience on the prosperity that has always attended our country, and reminded them of the success that had always crowned our arms from the Revolution down to the present Mexican War. Whereupon the editor of "The [Mexican] People's Press," supposing the Orator a real Loco, because he alluded to the Mexican war without abusing the administration, as the manner of some is, not deigning to hear the Orator thro', and wishing to show his dignity and politeness, took his hat and marched off. Having shown himself a great man, and being known as the editor of the Mexican Press, he of course prepares an article, which backed up by a communication from a lady, or rather an *apology* for one, falsely accuses Mr. Rand of "attempting to prove in the onset, that human butchery and indiscriminate slaughter, with of course, their accompanying evils, rape, robbery, and every other conceivable crime, have ever been the chosen instruments of the Almighty to reform and christianize the human race." But Mr. Rand made no such attempt. The truth is, he is a *strong whig*, but a decent man, and wishes to treat all parties respectfully; but such men are so seldom found in the whig ranks, that when met with, they are at once denounced as Locos.—Such was the case on the occasion above alluded to; the offended ones, not having moral courage and independence enough to hear the speaker through, and then judge, left the assembly, cursing the war, the administration and the Locofoco Orator.

☞ We would call the attention of millers and mill-owners to the advertisement of Mr. Beal, to be found in another column of to-day's paper. We should think an active, intelligent and responsible man would do well to secure an agency for the Corn Cracker for this State. We understand Mr. Beal would give to such an one on application a fair field for the sale. The Machine, with two or three exceptions, has not as yet been introduced in this State, and from the best information we can obtain in relation to it, we believe it would prove a very useful, convenient and profitable appendage to be attached to any grist mill. For the other purposes for which it is designed we have no doubt of its perfect adaptation.

The New Planet. A new paper with this title has been issued in Belfast, W. L. Avery editor, H. K. Kimball printer. It is neutral in politics, and thus occupying a position favorably for the consideration of all matters of general interest, and space for matters of a literary and scientific character, will no doubt prove an acceptable addition to our newspaper literature.

☞ The authorities of Charlestown have granted licenses for the sale of liquors. One of the papers intimates that the *Bunker Hill Monument* has become a greater curiosity than ever, and has been much visited of late.

☞ At a fire in Boston, on Tuesday, 13th inst., one of the buildings consumed was the famous "Joel Lawrence" house, in which Maria Bickford was murdered.

Legislative Correspondence.

AUGUSTA, July 24, 1847.

FRIEND MILLETT—The members of the Legislature are fast drawing their labors to a close, and the remaining business is now passing off rapidly. The various Committees have nearly all completed the business referred to them, and the two Houses are to have two sessions a day for the remainder of the session.

While a portion of the members have comparatively but little labor to perform upon committees, there is another class whose labors are tedious and severe. This grows out of the fact that while some of the committees have scarcely a meeting during the session, there are others who have to labor in the Committee room almost incessantly.

The Committee on the Judiciary—Interior Waters—Divisions of Towns—Rail Roads and Bridges, and State Lands, all have a vast amount of labor to perform. For instance, the Judiciary have, the present session, upon their Docket one hundred and fifty entries—many of these, it is true, require but a slight examination, while others occupy days.

The Committee on Interor Waters have, in the consideration of only *two* subjects referred to them, had over *forty* meetings, eminent counsel being employed upon both sides, while "all down East" have appeared and been examined as witnesses.

The Committee on Rail Roads, after a long hearing upon the petition of Abner Coburn and others, for a Rail Road from Skowhegan to Augusta, were equally divided upon the question of reporting a Bill, and reported the fact to the House. After a long debate, the House refused to recommit with instructions to report a Bill, by the decisive vote of 88 to 35. All the members of the *House* from Oxford County proved true to the interest of their constituents, and voted with the Nays.

The Senate will undoubtedly concur. Mr. Perry of Oxford, several days since presented certain Resolutions in the Senate, passed at a meeting of the citizens of Paris, Norway and vicinity, in relation to the matter above referred to, on which he took occasion to remark that said meeting was composed of the *business* men of that section of the County, men who had subscribed largely to the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road, and whose interests were strongly identified with that enterprise; that the feeling was universal in his County, against granting Charters solely for the purpose of breaking down an enterprise acknowledged by all to be one of vast importance to the citizens of this State.

The "Militia Bill" was yesterday defeated in the House by a majority of some two or three, its friends, however, are in hopes of yet saving the Bill, but its fate is very doubtful. Nearly all the leading men belonging to the federal party oppose it, while a large majority of them vote against it. I shall hereafter refer to this matter, as I believe it one affecting the best interests of the State.

The Resolutions reported by the Select Committee raised for that purpose, respecting the extension of slavery in territory hereafter to be acquired, have passed the House by a vote almost unanimous.

They embody the sentiments, upon that subject, of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the people of Maine.

Mr. Hamlin, of Hampden, made one of his best speeches, while this matter was under consideration, fully sustaining the high position he occupied while in Congress. As an off hand speaker he has but few equals.

The Resolutions respecting the Mexican War were taken up a few days since in the Senate, discussed, and again laid upon the table.

The Whigs held a Convention in this place last Wednesday, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Governor, which resulted in the selection of the Hon. David Bronson. He received all the votes thrown excepting fifteen.—The question of electing two Delegates to the next Whig Convention, drew out a warm debate, on which the question as to the *man* who should be the next whig candidate for the Presidency, was incidentally drawn in. There was much cross firing among the leaders, some coming out for Gen. Taylor, while others stoutly declaring their determination to go for Silas Wright, in case Gen. Taylor should be the whig candidate. The question was finally indefinitely postponed, at which result a portion of the party were highly indignant.

E. L. Hamlin, Esq., of Bangor, report a string of Resolutions containing the usual *quantum* of slang and abuse about the Mexican War, Niggers and Texas.

Before the Convention adjourned a call was made by a member for all *Taylor* men to meet in the evening to take into consideration the subject of nominating Old "Rough and Ready" *for* the Presidency.

Stepping into the Court House in the evening, I found the "first Taylor meeting in Maine" organized, Mr. Hamlin, of Bangor, Chairman, a fellow by the name of Foster, from the Forks, Vice Chairman, and two Secretaries. These officers and about twenty others composed the *active* force of the meeting. A large number of Anti Taylor Whigs, and Democrats who came to see the fun, were assembled also in the "same place."

Following the footsteps of their great leader, *war* was immediately declared. Thomas of Thomaston, and Jewett of Bangor, declared this to be a meeting of *all* the friends of Gen. Taylor, while Farley of Newcastle, Foster of the Forks, and others, as stoutly contended that it was a *Whig*-Taylor meeting. Such a fight no one before ever saw. After a number of charges made upon each other by the high contending parties, the Taylor-Whigs at last conquered, while Jewett, Thomas & Co., died manfully fighting for the "largest Liberty," being overpowered by the force of numbers to the tune of more than five to one.

About eleven o'clock the meeting was adjourned, and all who were present agreed in declaring it a *farce* seldom equalled on any occasion, but of this I will give your readers hereafter a more detailed account.

In haste.—Yours truly.

VAN DYKE.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ENGLAND. The great question, what is the state of the crops? and what is the price of flour? can be satisfactorily answered to most persons, by saying the promise of fair average crops is good; and flour is even lower than it was at the sailing of the Caledonia. It was then selling at 40s. 6d., but now it is not bringing more than 33s. 6d.

In reference to the potatoe disease, there appears to be some diversity of opinion. In some sections of the country, the crop is represented as very promising, while in other parts the disease is said to be prevailing. The wheat and barley crops were backward, but generally very promising.

Trade has somewhat improved. Money is more easily obtained on good paper; the cotton market has been more active than for some time; and there is more of buoyancy, hope, and even confidence generally, than has been manifested for a long time.

IRELAND.—*State of the Country.* The accounts are much less unfavorable to the extent of fever and destitution. Food is becoming plentiful and cheaper, and the fine prospects of the harvests are giving confidence to all classes. Even in Skibbereen, there is a most decided improvement. The Rev. R. Boyle Townsend, in a letter from that place, says: "Though the Workhouse is as crowded as ever, having at this instant eleven hundred in it, that is, three hundred over its original intended number, there were but four deaths in the last week—a prodigious change from over one hundred deaths in the same space of time shortly ago. We have to be sure, many epidemics raging still, and much destitution." In some districts, Sligo in particular, fever and destitution still prevail to a lamentable extent.

THE WAR AND "RELIGION." The Presbyterian church (both old and new school) appointed and duly observed the 2d Sunday in July, as a day for preaching against the war, and prayer to God for its cessation. Without desiring to enter into any controversy as to the efficacy of prayer, we must express our belief that the Almighty will take little heed of these prayerful Presbyterians,—they should have waited until the war was really drawing to a close; or were they deceived by the rumors favorable to peace, when they appointed a day for prayer? The meeting for such a commendable purpose as prayer, seems at once to hallow the object; but when we recollect that the almighty has "vouchsafed to us" such a succession of victories, can it be that Christian men, who recognize in all events the hand of God, and without whose knowledge, we are told not a sparrow fall, will impiously dispute his wisdom as manifested in these victories? Will they say, that these victories are won to promote bad purposes, and in another breath ascribe to the Deity a wisdom which directs all things, and "doeth all things well?" These divines should attend to theology and leave the war to the fostering care of that Providence which has thus far caused it to be so wonderfully successful. [Republican Journal.

GIDDINGS VS GEN. TAYLOR. In a recent speech at Concord, J. R. Giddings, member of Congress from Ohio, expressed himself as follows in relation to the support of Gen. Taylor by the whigs:

"Those Whigs who have got up this movement in favor of Gen. Taylor, knowing him to be in favor of extending slavery, are men of desperate political fortunes, who have become anxious to share in the spoils of office: they are *men who would sell their party, their country and their God, for an ephemeral success;* or to enable them to bask in the sunshine of Executive favor."

When these whigs fall out, they tell hard stories of each other's failings so well, that their denunciations appear to have the sincerity and force of truth. But our neighbor of the "State Signal," who was but lately as ultra as Giddings on slavery, and has now performed the interesting ceremony of "wheel about and turn about" for Taylor, cannot feel much flattered by the skilful portraiture of himself presented by Mr Giddings. [Republican Journal.

CONSULAR APPOINTMENT. We take pleasure in announcing the appointment of GEORGE J. FAIRFIELD as United States consul for Buenos Ayres. This appointment, we understand, has been made in accordance with the wishes voluntarily expressed, of merchants and others of New York particularly interested in having that place filled by an intelligent, efficient, and faithful officer, and also in accordance with the wishes of American citizens residing at Buenos Ayres. Mr. Fairfield, is about forty years of age, a brother of Senator Fairfield, and was formerly a resident of this place, but for several years past has been residing and doing business at Buenos Ayres. The appointment, under the circumstances, is quite complimentary to Mr F., and will be very gratifying to his numerous friends in this State. [Saco Democrat.

"I say, Jerry, lend me your newspaper?" "I can't do it, you wouldn't lend me your new coat tother day, you know." "Nonsense, that's another thing; I only want to read it to the ladies." "Can't come it Jerry, I only wanted to ware your coat to see the ladies."

ODD SIGHTS. A correspondent of the N. Y. Herald, writing from the city of San Domingo, says:—

"By the way, one of the sights that strikes the stranger from our country, oddly enough at first, though now I am getting quite used to it, is the general practice of letting the little children, more generally the colored ones, go start naked about the houses and in the streets, from the time they can creep on all fours until they are four or five years old, of both sexes—nothing is more common. The highest touch of the ludicrous, in this way, is where one of these naked imps has an old palm or Panama hat struck on the top of his head, without any other article of dress whatever. I wish I had a daguerrian apparatus here, I would have some rich sketches to show the natives of the States, if I ever live to see home again."

PRESTO—CHANGE! A young and very pretty lady, riding in the Concord cars, was observed to have a piece of "court plaster" on her lip. When the cars had emerged from one of the long, covered bridges, into the light, it was observed to have disappeared; but the eye instantly detected it clinging to the lip of the young man who sat on the seat with her! They both looked as innocent as if they "hadn't been doing nothing."

COOL ROBBERY. On Saturday last, one John Duffy, who was some time since united in the bands of matrimony by the Rev. Mr. Streeter, called upon that respected clergyman for an alias certificate. Mr. Streeter, not entertaining any suspicion as to the character of Duffy, at once proceeded up stairs to look at his record leaving Duffy in the parlor; but when he came down, there was no John Duffy to be seen—nor any thing of a silk purse of money which had been left on the parlor table. Boston Post.

Col. Doniphan rubs Tom Corwin down with a curry-comb and smooths him off with a briar, for his vile abuse of the Mexican war, delivered in the U. S. senate. Col D. is a whig, but not a traitor.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce predicts that before the meeting of congress Gen. Taylor will announce to his friends that he will not any how suffer his name to be used as a candidate for the presidency.

PROGRESS OF "CIVILIZATION." The California Star bears evidence that *civilization* has already so far advanced in our new Pacific territory, that men have begun to advertise their wives.

A NATURAL FEELING.—A little girl, walking in the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise, and reading one after another the praises upon tombs of those who slept beneath, exclaimed, "I wonder where all the sinners are buried?".

☞ A lady describing a ride in the cars, said she "driv up to the depot, and had hardly got out of the engine when another railroad went past."

☞ Joseph C. Neal, Esq., editor of Neal's Saturday Gazette, and author of "Charcoal Sketches," died at Philadelphia on Saturday night, 17th inst., of brain fever.

A RAINBOW OVER THE BATTLE FIELD.—The June number of the Knickerbocker magazine, contains the following incident taken from a letter written by an officer who commanded at Saltillo.—

"While the battle was going on there came over us a gentle shower, and the most beautiful rainbow appeared (on our side) that I ever saw. I then thought the Lord was for us, and cared not who was against us. In about an hour afterwards there came up a thick black cloud, which extended itself across the valley immediately over the two armies, entirely concealing them from my view, from which I could hear peal after peal of heavy thunder, and see the sharp lightning descend. At the same time I could hear the roar of the cannon of both armies, then engaged in deadly conflict; as though heaven's artillery was contending against that of feeble man."

☞ MOSES BUTTERFIELD, for several years an inmate of the Insane Asylum at Augusta, escaped from that Institution last Sunday. It is supposed he may have visited Sumner, as that was his former residence. A reward will be paid to any one who will return him to the Asylum.

SUMMER WEATHER.—It should be remembered that during the intense heat of summer, the process of digestion is performed with such extreme langnor that our food, instead of being speedily dissolved and converted into nutriment for the body, often becomes actually spoiled, or *putrified in the stomach.* Hence bad breath, disagreeable taste in the mouth, colic pains, dysentery, cholera morbus and other disorders of the intestines.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for all the above dangerous complaints; because they cleanse the alimentary canal of all those bilious and putrid humors, which are the cause, not only of all disorders of the bowels, but of every malady incident to man. They also aid and improve digestion, and purify the blood, and therefore give health and vigor to the whole frame, as well as drive every description of pain from the body.

Beware of counterfeits of all kinds! Some are coated with sugar; others are made to resemble in outward appearance the original medicine. The safest course is, to purchase from the regular agents only, one or more of whom may be found in every village and town in the State.

The genuine for sale by CHARLES H. CROCKER, Paris Hill; Charles Durell, Oxford; J. H. Wardwell, Rumford; John Blake & Co., Turner; Kimball & Crocker, Bethel; Jefferson Coolidge, Livermore; Hiram Himes, Hartford; Caleb Bean, Woodstock, and J. Howe, Norway.

New England Office, 198 Tremont Street, Boston.

DEATHS.

In Norway, 16th inst., George E., eldest son of Elliot Smith, Esq., aged 15 years and 3 months.—14th, Washington, son of Lyman and Eliza Bird, aged 2 years and 2 months.—5th ult., Albion Francis, eldest son of Andrew and Olive Mills, aged 15 years 5 mo.

In Porter, 13th inst., Mrs. Alice, consort of Mr. James Guptil, aged 57.

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss: July 20, 1847.

TAKEN on Execution, the same having been originally attached on mesne process in the same suit, and will be sold at public Auction at the Post Office in Turner Village, Oxford County, on the first day of September next, at one o'clock in the afternoon,—

All the Right in Equity which SAMUEL B. HOLT, of said Turner, had on the twenty-fourth day of January, 1845, the date of the attachment, to redeem the following Real Estate in said Turner, viz:—

About sixty acres of Land, more or less, being the same land conveyed by William B. Bray, of said Turner, to the said Samuel B. Holt by deed dated August 17, 1840, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds, for Oxford County, Book 59, page 558, to which reference is had for a particular description of the premises, the same being subject to a mortgage of the same date to Wm. B. Bray, to secure the payment of three notes of hand given by said Holt to said Bray, of four hundred and sixteen dollars and sixty-seven cents each, payable in one, two and three years from the date, and interest, as appears by the Oxford Records Book 59, page 547.

12] JESSE DREW, Deputy Sheriff.

Important to Millers & Mill Owners.

BEAL & HALE'S

PATENT IMPROVED

CORN CRACKER;

A NEW AND SUPERIOR INVENTION

For Cracking Corn and Cobs previous to passing through mill-stones.

For Grinding the same suitable for Provinder. And also, for Cracking Corn alone, suitable for Hominy, and the use of Stables.

Also, for grinding Bark, Apples, Sumach, Plaster, &c. &c.

THIS valuable Invention surpasses all others of the kind, in Compactness, Durability, Uniformity of its Work, and Economy of Power. Its height, when set up for use, is two feet eleven inches, which is much less than the common vertical machine. It will wear (with the same usage) longer than three of those now in use, and grind the Corn and Cobs to the same degree of fineness, *not leaving the Cobs coarser than the Corn*, as is the case with other machines, (especially if a little worn,) and this it will do when the Corn is damp, or even green, without clogging, which no other mill will do. It is generally driven by a four-inch belt—it may be driven by gear, however, without inconvenience—by which Cobs and Corn are cracked faster than one run of stones can grind them. It is also asserted by experienced millers that any run of stones will grind at least one-fourth faster and finer when the Cobs are cut up in this manner, than they otherwise would. And Corn alone is cracked in a superior manner for stable use, at the rate of sixty bushels an hour.—Thus making this machine one of *Economy* in *Power*, *Time* and *Money*, as well as *convenience* to the miller.

To the verity of the above statements we annex the following certificates, selected from a large number which have been kindly furnished us.

WORCESTER, Dec. 8, 1846.

Messrs. Beal & Co.—Gentlemen: Since you were here we have put in operation the Cracker which we purchased of you; and we are happy to say that it works quite as well as you had represented, proving to be just the thing needed for the use for which it is designed. We think that we can grind cobs and corn after passing them through your Cracker, nearly one third quicker, making a much better meal than with the old fashioned Crackers. We would say, likewise, that we find it quite a saving to let our clear corn run through in the same way—for, by its beginning to flour nearer the eye of the stone, we can make softer meal. And we can say, that considering the superior manner in which it does the work, its apparent durability, and the ease with which it is put in operation, it is decidedly the best article which we have ever seen.—Yours, respectfully,

REUBEN BEMIS,
WM. B. WHITNEY.

WINDHAM, Dec. 15, 1846.

Messrs. Beal & Co.—Gentlemen: Having had the honor of using one of your Cob Crackers for the past six months, perfectly to my satisfaction, and to the satisfaction of my customers, and furthermore, my customers prefer their corn cracked by it, and also their sanp, because it leaves it without any meal, if wished. I should recommend to any miller in want of a Cob Cracker, to get one of these machines, as I think they are before any thing of the kind in use.

Respectfully yours,

ROBERT S. SIMPSON.

LOWELL, Dec. 18, 1845.

To Messrs Beal & Co.—Gentlemen: Having had one of your Corn Crackers in use in our mill for several months past, and finding it to be the best mill for Cobs and Corn that we have ever seen or used, we take pleasure in stating that we have noted the time by the watch, and it has broken sixty bushels of corn in one hour. We also saw the operation of one of your mills at Mr. Jenkins' shop in this city, where one-horse power was applied, and it cracked out thirty bushels of clear corn suitable for stable use, in one hour. We hesitate not to say that it will do more work with the same power than any other mill for like purpose now in use.

Yours respectfully,

GEO. C. ROUNDEY & CO.

NORWAY VILLAGE, February 17, 1846.

The undersigned have seen in operation, and duly examined in this place, with great satisfaction, a new and improved Cast-Iron Mill, for cracking Corn, grinding Bark, Apples, &c., and have no hesitation in pronouncing it superior to anything of the kind, for a similar purpose, that we have ever seen in any part of the country. And to the inventors, Messrs. Beal & Hale, of Lowell, Mass., we deem it willingly award the credit of producing the very article that is so much needed in all Grist Mills, for cracking Corn, cobs and all;—As by this invention, the Cob, however green, is cut up finer than the Corn, and can be made into Meal by mill-stones, in one quarter less time than by the common method of grinding after its passage through an old fashioned Bark Mill.

For a Provender Mill, or for grinding up Corn for horses or cattle feed, without the use of mill stones, we confidently think it will exceed mills now in use. And for a Bark Mill, and all other uses for which it is designed, we do most cheerfully recommend it to the public.

LEVI WHITMAN, EZRA F. BEAL, S. J. SMITH, EBEN HOBBS, SAMUEL AMES, *Miller 19 years.* } *Proprietors in the Norway Mills.*

And signed by 60 others, Citizens of Norway.

MANUFACTURED AND SOLD FOR THE UNITED STATES, BY

WILLIAM BEAL,

At Adams's Steam Mill, Adams St., Lowell, Mass.

To whom all orders should be addressed. Also for sale in Boston, by RUGGLES, NOURSE & MASON, Quincy Hall; and by PARKER & WHITE, No. 10 Gerrish Block, Blackstone Street.

MR. BEAL is also Agent for the sale of GRIMES'S PATENT SMUT MILL.

Also, for the sale of

PLATT'S PATENT UNIVERSAL IMPROVED GRIST MILLS,

And Rights for the same, in the counties of Rockingham, Merrimack, Strafford and Belknap, New Hampshire, and Essex county, Mass.

The above machines are believed to be superior to all previous inventions.—July 27, 1847. tf 12

For Sale,

A LOT OF LAND

SITUATED in Andover, in the County of Oxford, in the easterly part of said town, adjoining the town of Roxbury, containing about three hundred acres, with the buildings, houses, barns, mills, &c., and privileges, being the premises called the FALLS PROPERTY, now occupied by Mr. Gregg.

Also—The Pine Timber standing and lying on the west part of Roxbury, which was conveyed to Gregg & Wilson by B. Poor.

Also—Another piece of land, adjoining the first mentioned premises, with the buildings and privileges.

Also—Two lots of land situated in the north-west corner of Roxbury, and adjoining the first mentioned premises, being lots numbered 13 and 14 on the plan of said town. Said premises are now occupied by Mr. Gregg.

TERMS—One third cash, or undoubted security on 60 or 90 days, and balance in one, two, and three years, and interest annually, with satisfactory security.

Apply at the CANAL BANK. By order of the Directors. JOSHUA B. OSGOOD, Pres't.

Portland, July 20, 1847. 7w12

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS MERRILL HOLMAN, of Dixfield, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, by his Mortgage Deed dated the ninth day of August, A. D. 1841, conveyed to HARRIS FARNUM two certain pieces of land situated in Dixfield, aforesaid, and being "all that part of a lot of land North of a line drawn across said lot parallel with the end lines of said lot sixteen rods South of the center of said lot, containing sixty acres, be the same more or less, and being the Northerly part of said lot numbered twelve in the ninth range of lots in the town of Dixfield. Also, a piece of land as follows: Beginning on the Northeast corner of the Southerly half of lot numbered eleven in the ninth range of lots in the town of Dixfield, thence on the Westerly side line of said lot forty-eight rods, thence Easterly parallel with the end lines of said lot forty-two rods, thence Northerly parallel with the side lines of said lot forty-eight rods to the end of said half lot, thence Westerly forty-two rods to the first mentioned bounds containing twelve acres and ninety-six rods," in fee and in Mortgage, to secure the payment of four notes of hand bearing even date with said Mortgage, for the sum of ninety-three dollars and seventy-five cents each, payable in two, three, four, and five years from date with interest annually. And whereas the said Harris Farnum for a valuable consideration by me paid on the fourteenth day of June A. D. 1847, assigned to me, the subscriber, the said four notes and mortgage, and as the condition of said Mortgage Deed has been broken by the nonpayment of the interests of said notes according to their tenor, I therefore claim to foreclose the same.

GRANVILL CHILD.

Canton, June 29, 1847. tf 12

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss: July 10, A. D. 1847.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public Vendue on Saturday, the twenty-eighth day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Office of Elbridge Gerry, Esq., in Waterford, in said County, the following Rights of Redemption of the following described pieces and parcels of Real Estate situated in said County, to wit,—

All the right in equity that JEREMIAH KIMBALL, of Saco, in the County of York, has or had on the twenty-third day of May last past, to redeem the following described Real Estate, viz:—Lot No. 6, in the 1st Range in said town of Waterford.

Also—All the right in equity that the said Jeremiah Kimball has or had on the twenty-third day of May last past, of redeeming the following described Real Estate, viz:—About seventeen acres of Meadow Land, being a part of Lot No. 6, in the 1st Range of Lots in said town of Waterford.

[11] JOHN C. GERRY, Deputy Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss: July 10, 1847.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public Vendue on Monday, the twenty-third day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Office of Elbridge Gerry, Esq., in Waterford, in said County, the following right in equity of redemption of the following described Real Estate situated in said County, to wit:—

All the right in equity that ELIAS PIKE, of Waterford, in said County, has or had on the tenth day of November A. D. 1843, to redeem the following described mortgaged Real Estate, viz:—Being the Farm whereon the said Elias Pike now dwells in Waterford in said County.

The above described Farm having been mortgaged by said Elias Pike to Caleb Stevens, by Deed dated April 30th, A. D. 1842, to secure the payment of four hundred and sixty-eight dollars in one year with interest annually.

[11] JOHN C. GERRY, Deputy Sheriff.

Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

PROPOSALS in writing will be received at the Office of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road Company, in the city of Portland, until Tuesday, the 10th day of August next, inclusive, at sunset, for the grading, masonry, and bridging of that portion of their road extending from the termination of the second division, near the Hotel road, in Danville, to a place in the vicinity of Norway and Paris Cape, a distance of about 20 miles.

Maps, Profiles and specifications will be ready for examination on and after the second day of August next, at the Engineer's office in Portland, where all necessary information will be given.

The Company will require as one of the stipulations of the contract, that the heavier work on any section shall be first attended to, so that the heavier and lighter work may be completed at nearly the same time.

Persons unknown to the officers of the Company, must accompany their bids with satisfactory evidence of their ability to execute the work. In all cases good and sufficient bonds, with two or more sureties, will be required for the faithful performance and fulfilment of the contract.

WM. P. PREBLE, President.
A. C. MORTON, Chief Engineer.
Portland, June 29, 1847. 3w10

TREASURER'S NOTICE,—DENMARK.

NOTICE is hereby given to the owners of the following described Real Estate in the town of Denmark, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the taxes now due on said Real Estate were assessed June 5th, 1843, and the taxes on said Real Estate, contained in the following description, have remained due and unpaid for four years from said day of assessment, and unless said taxes and costs of advertising are paid within five years from the day of assessment above named, said Real Estate will be forfeited to said town of Denmark, viz:—

Names of Non-Resident Owners of Real Estate.

	No. of Lot.	No. of Range.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Tax.
				$	$ c.
Owner unknown, part of	39	unk.	66	103	2 20
Moody F. Walker, 1-2 of	27	"	50	130	2 80
Owner unknown, part of Hancock Land,	unk	"	17	10	22

Names of Residents for the above year, viz: A. D. 1843.

Elisha Allen, balance on tax,	40
Charles Jewett, do	22
John Kimball, do	1 06

ORRIN B. INGALLS, Treasurer of Denmark.
Denmark, June 10th, 1847. 3w10

DRY GOODS.

THE subscribers are now opening a new supply of Dry Goods adapted to the present season such as—

BROAD CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, TWEEDS, VESTINGS, MUSLINS, DE LAINS, PRINTS, LAWNS, CASHMERE, SILK, DELAIN AND EVALINA SHAWLS,

and other articles too numerous to mention, which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest.

BROWN & CO.

Steep Falls, Norway, June 28, 1847. tf 8

Real Estate for Sale.

THE subscriber, being thereto duly authorized by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, offers for sale the Real Estate of JAMES BEMIS, late of Paris, deceased.

The property lies in the Northerly part of Paris, being the Northerly half of Lots No. 25 and 26, 4th Range, containing about one hundred and ninety acres of land lying on both sides of the Little Androscoggin River together with the buildings thereon, consisting of a House, Barn, and Saw Mill, all new. The interior of the house is unfinished. The Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road, it is expected, will pass through the land.

A very desirable opportunity for a safe investment is here offered, as the property must be sold, if not disposed of at private sale it will be sold at public Auction.

For further particulars apply to the subscriber on Paris Hill.

FRANCIS BEMIS, Administrator.
Paris, July 1, 1847. 9

Hebron Academy.

THE FALL TERM of HEBRON ACADEMY will commence, providence permitting, on Wednesday, the 4th day of August next, under the care of GEORGE G. FAIRBANKS, A. B., and will continue twenty weeks.

The department of language will embrace Latin, Greek, French, German, Spanish and Italian; and the higher department of Mathematics will be attended to, together with all studies usually pursued in Academies of this class.

Lectures will be given on Chemistry, on School Keeping, and on such other subjects as may be deemed of interest.

Competent Assistants will be employed, if the interest of the school demand it.

The Trustees have lately erected a new and neat building for the School; and the situation of this Academy is such as to furnish the greatest inducements to study, being situated amid a picturesque scenery away from the allurements of fashionable dissipation.

Mr. Fairbanks is well recommended from very respectable sources, as a good scholar, of a good moral character, an approved instructor, and of a persevering turn.

Good board can probably be obtained for from $1, to $1 50 a week.

JOHN TRIPP, *Secretary.*

Hebron, June 30, 1847. 6*

List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post Office at PARIS, Maine, June 30, 1847.

Batchelder, Rev. Calvin B.	Ludden, Timothy
Besse, Capt. Alden	Millett, Miss Hannah
Brooks, Thomas G.	Moody, Miss Polly B.
Bryant, Thomas G.	McKenney, Mrs. Wm.
Bryant, Otis	Oxford Lodge, 2
Cole, Gershom	Peterson, Benjamin
Clifford, David	Phinney, Samuel
Cushman, Ebenezer	Poyen, Lewis F.
Cummings, Erastus	Robinson, Preston
Dunham, Miss Eliza	Ripley, Uriah
Dennen, Lewis W.	Ripley, David
Dennen, Lewis	Ripley, Widow
Fuller, Harvy 2	Sturtevant, Mrs. Sarah
Fuller, George	Sturtevant, Benjamin
Felton, Skelton	Scott, Jas.
Felton, Jona. W.	Smith, Samuel W.
Howe, Miss Sarah	Stearns, Charles
Hill, Widow	Spaulding, Benjamin
Johnson, Mrs. Lucy A.	Spaulding, Miss Lenora
Jackson, Jacob	Tubbs, Ezra
Kittredge, Charles F.	Twell, Mrs. Phebe
Knight, Isaiah 2	Tarbox, Ivory
Libby, Nathaniel	Whitman, E.
Libby, Danvill	Washburn, Luther
Lindsey, Amos	Walker, Wm.

G. WASHINGTON MILLETT, P. M.

Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road.

NOTICE is hereby given that the President and Directors of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road Company have made a further assessment of five dollars on all the shares in said Company, (being the fifth payment) and the same will be due and payable to the Treasurer, at his office in Portland, on the twenty-sixth day of July next.

Per order of the Directors.

CHAS. E. BARRETT, Treasurer.

Portland, June 24, 1847. 10

C. W. WALTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MEXICO, MAINE.

HEALTH! HEALTH!!

Dr. Wood's SARSAPARILLA AND WILD CHERRY BITTERS.

THIS NEW AND VALUABLE EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA AND WILD CHERRY has been used with great success for the permanent removal of all such diseases as take their rise from an impure state of the blood;—it promotes a healthy action of the Liver—strengthens the Nerves and at once secures

HEALTH AND VIGOR

to the whole system. In all cases of

JAUNDICE, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, HABITUAL COSTIVENESS, SCROFULA, HEADACHE, LANGUOR,

and that

DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS,

which is so common a Complaint in the SPRING AND SUMMER

season of the year, this Medicine has not its equal—and a single trial will convince the most incredulous of its peculiar virtues.

For further particulars the reader is referred to pamphlets which will be furnished by the Agents, showing the estimation in which this valuable Medicine is held by those who have used it.

☞ CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC. ☜

Be particular and ask for *Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters*, and receive no other. This is the first preparation of these articles combined, ever offered to the public, and the great success attending its use has induced the unprincipled to counterfeit and imitate. As a preventive, see that the bottle bears the words "*Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters*," pressed on the glass, and that each label on the bottle is signed by the proprietor, E. Thornton, Jr., New Bedford.

AGENTS, Paris, THOMAS CROCKER; S. Paris A. Hall; Norway, Robert Noyes.

☞ Portland, EDWARD MASON, Wholesale and Retail Agent, where orders can be directed.

Also, for sale by Agents in every town in the State.

June, 15 1847. 3m 6

PROBATE NOTICES.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the Estate of

GERSHAM WAIT, late of Dixfield,

in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

EDSEL GROVER.

Dixfield, June 22, 1847. 10

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

PHINEAS EASTMAN, late of Lovell,

in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

ISAAC EASTMAN.

Lovell, May 25, 1847. 11

POETRY.

ADDRESS TO SANTA ANNA.

BY A. GREASER.

And hast thou lost thy wooden leg,
Besides one battle more?
And wilt thou still for soldiers beg,
To follow thee to war?

Alas! the fatal guide they fear,
Who three times led retreat;
Sam Houston's, Taylor's, Scott's career
Are gilt by thy defeat.

How canst thou make a stump speech, now,
The stump and strife both lost!
Lord of the brown and narrow brow,
You never count the cost.

Don't gamble more with human life,
Go back to gay Havana;
With roosters only wage the strife,
Pugnacious Santa Anna.

The army's vein's and church's purse,
Why longer should they bleed?
Thy gait is bad, thy council worse,
Both very lame indeed.

One leg-ged Mars, stupendous brag,
What Falstaff plea canst offer,
For giving up thy country's flag,
The theme of every scoffer?

If with one leg thou fliest so fast,
What speed were thine with two!
The fire that lights the whirlwind's blast,
Were not so fleet as you.

Go get another leg, then vanish,—
Resign the martial shield;
For one who can so well walk Spanish,
The race-course, not the field.

Or in a bull-fight dare the strife;
No harm is his you know,
Who can, like thee, to save his life,
So well avoid the foe.

Incomparable chief, sad joke,
Long leg, short understanding,
It must have been a trick of Polk,
To smile upon thy landing!

From the Memphis Monitor.

A TRANSLATION OF THE SECOND ODE OF ANACREON, ADDRESSED TO WOMAN.

Nature with a just decree,
To all—did give a part,
To Fishes fins, to swim the sea,
To Horses hoofs to start.

She gave to Cattle horns, to wield
When danger threatened near,
To Hares, their feet, to skim the field
When pressed by hounds to fear.

She gave to birds their plumage light,
To soar upon the air,
To Lions teeth, to dare the fight
And mangle in their lair.

She gave to Man, Decision's brow
And Wisdom's prudent tongue,
But when she came to Woman—now—
Behold her gifts were gone.

But quick upon her brow she threw
A radiance bright as day,
Upon her neck of snowy hue,
The flowing ringlets play.

And from her eyes a mellow light
Streamed, beauteous, to the view,
And when the Sun with beams so bright
Shines soft, through evening's dew.

When thus arrayed in every grace,
Nature upon her smil'd
Gave the sweet expression to her face
And owned her favorite child.

From that day forth she has rul'd the queen,
Above both sword and fire,
The radiant vision of a poet's dream
And thence of every lyre.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"MASON AND DIXON'S LINE."

What was the origin and purpose of it? We hear it frequently spoken of as connected with slavery, and as originally relating to that subject. Nothing can be farther from the truth.—At the time that line was established, slavery existed on both sides of it. A brief account of its origin may be of some interest just at this time.

As early as the year 1682, a dispute arose between William Penn and Lord Baltimore, respecting the construction of their respective grants, of what now form the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland. Lord Baltimore claimed to, including the 40th degree of north latitude; and William Penn mildly, yet firmly, resisted the claim. The debatable land was one degree, or 60 English miles, on the south of Pennsylvania, and extended west as far as the State itself. The matter was finally brought into the Court of Chancery, in England, and, after tedious delays, on the 15th of May, 1750, Lord Chancellor Hardwicke made a decree awarding costs against Lord Baltimore, and directing that commissioners should be appointed to mark the boundaries between the two parties. The commissioners so appointed appointed met at Newcastle, on the 15th day of November, 1775, and not being able to agree, separated. After a further litigation and delay, the whole matter was settled by mutual agreement between the surviving heirs of the original litigants.

In the year 1671, Mr. Charles Mason, of the Royal Observatory, was sent to Pennsylvania, with all the needful astronomical instruments, to measure a degree of latitude. The duty he performed, and a report of his proceedings was made to the Royal Society of London, for the year 1767.

This Mr. Mason and Jeremiah Dixon were appointed to run the line in dispute, which appears to have been done in conformity with the Lord Chancellor's decree. This is the famous "Mason and Dixon's line," and the boundary of Pennsylvania on the south and Maryland on the north. Any one desirous of more detailed information will find it in Douglass's History of America, published in Boston, in 1771; Proud's History of Pennsylvania; the Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania; and 1 Vessey's Reports 252, Penn, Lord Baltimore.

Little did the actors in this matter think that, in aftertimes, the line established with so much trouble and expense would ever be connected with a subject calculated to shake a great nation to its center.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

I saw a temple, reared by the hands of men, standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain. The streams beat upon it; the God of nature hurled his thunderbolts against it—and yet is stood as firm as adamant. Revelry was in its halls—the gay, the beautiful were there.

I returned, and the temple was not there. Its high walls lay scattered in ruin; moss and wild grass grew wildly there.

The young and the gay who revelled there had passed away

I saw a child rejoicing in its youth, the idol of its mother and the only pride of his father.

I returned, and the child became old.—Trembling with the weight of years, he stood the last of his generation—a stranger amidst the desolation around him.

I saw an old oak stand in all its pride on the mountains—the birds were caroling on its boughs.

I returned: the oak was leafless; the winds were playing at their pastimes through is boughs.

"Who is the destroyer?" said I to my guardian.

"It is Time," said he: "when the morning stars sang together in joy, over the new made world, he commenced his course, and, when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful on earth—plucked the sun from his sphere—veiled the moon in blood—yea, when he shall have rolled heaven and earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on the sea and one on the land, lift up his hand toward heaven, and swear by Heaven's Eternal! Time is, Time was, but Time shall be no more!"

CHILD-LIKE. I am glad the world is full of children. To me, earth, with all its other charms, were a gloomy waste without them. I love to feel as a child. There is no solace in affliction so sweet as the sympathy of children: there is no music so enchanting as their unaffected joyous laugh. I am never so happy, and the gentle spirit of humanity never breathes so freshly and cheeringly into my heart, as when I am surrounded by a company of affectionate merry children.

EDUCATION.—The business of education is like laying the foundation of a building: much work is required to be done under ground, where nothing can be seen. A well-trained child is like a sum in arithmetic without proof. Manhood must show what childhood's training was.

'ZAT IS MY TRUNK.'

Here is another of these ribtickling sketches which we occasionally find in the 'Spirit of the Times,' from the pen of the 'OLD UN.'

In the days of coaching over the Providence turnpike, before rail-road cars were in *esse* and baggage crates existed, and when travellers had to look out for their luggage, some forty or fifty passengers had just stepped on board the old 'Ben Franklin,' and got under way on Narragansett Bay. A gentleman who had occasion to get some of his wardrobe, had just hauled out from an immense pile of baggage stowed amidships a new black leather trunk of portly dimensions, studded with brass nails, when a little withered Frenchman, of a mottled complexion, and fashionably dressed, darted from the crowd, and interposing between our friend and his property, exclaimed, courteously but positively—

'I beg your pardon, sare—mais, pardonez moi you have got ze wrong *cockon* by ze *oreille*—zat is my trunk!'

'Not so, Monsieur—I hope I know my own traps.'

'*Restez tranquille*—hold on—dans un instant. I vill prove my props—aha! you see dis key, eh?' Applying it to the lock, he threw up the lid, and then struck a triumphant attitude. 'My key unlock *you* trunk—eh? Tell me zat!'

'Stand out of the way!—it's my trunk, I tell you.'

'Hold on von leetle minute—zose you shurts, eh?'

'To be sure they are!'

'Zose you drowaires, eh?'

'Certainly!'

'Vait a moment—I vill prove my props, scare'—and the little Frenchman, rummaging beneath a pile of shirts and socks, produced a bottle, and said deliberately, with a hideous grin—

'Zat—you—bot-telle of Dom-frees Ish (Itch) oint-ment—sare, eh? Ave you got von leetel Ish? Zis you *Remede* for ze lepros (leprosy), eh? Ah! be dam! I know it vas my trunk!'

It is needless to remark that our friend immediately 'opened a wide gap' between himself and the interesting victim of two of the most unpopular disorders known to suffering humanity.

A quack doctor advertising a certain remedy for cutaneous diseases, says it would even cure the eruptions of Mount Vesuvious!

"Dear Dickey Ricker" was a wag, and a rare one, and never did any judge send a poor devil to Sing Sing with more inimitable humor.

Many years ago one winter's night, he was passing the risidence of General Morton, whom he knew by sight but was not acquainted with. There was quite a party assembled, the rooms were brilliant, and looking through the window, he saw the general was playing whist, a game of which he was passionately fond.

Mr. Riker stopped, walked up to the door and rang the bell. The servant came, "Tell General Morton a gentleman wishes to see him a moment." The servant returned, saying that his master was partiularly engaged. "Say, that if he will step into the hall, I will detain him but a moment." The General appeared.

"Good evening, General.

"Good evening, sir."

"I want a little conversation with you, sir just one moment.

"Proceed, sir."

"As I was passing by, General, I observed that you were playing whist—I remarked, sir, that you had just dealt. I thought, General, I would step in and enquire what's *trumps*.

Time is the smartest thief on record, notwithstanding there are so many watches set for him—he is continualy stealing away.

An Irish footman, who got a situation at the west end of London, on entering a room where there was a vase with a golden fish, exclaimed, "Well, this is the the first time I ever saw red herrings alive."

"Are you fond of tongue, sir" "I was always fond of tonge, madame, and I like it—still.

A boy was asked what meekness was. He thought a moment and said—"Meekness gives smooth answers to rough questions."

An Indian was questioned: What is original sin He quickly answered—Laziness.

"Rough and Ready."

WANTED, by the subscribers, two or three hundred dozen PALM LEAF HATS, with the crown 4 1-2 inches high and the brim 4 inches wide, without being whitened—but Rough and Ready for bleaching—for which they will pay in goods from $1.25 to $1.75 per dozen, according to quality.

The subscribers would also say to those in want of goods, that they have a large assortment of

English and W. I. Goods,

which they will sell as cheap as can be bought in Oxford County.

Good, stout, heavy SHEETINGS for 7 cents.
BROADCLOTHS, from $1.50 to $4.50, per yard.
CASSIMERES, DOE SKINS, &c. from 62 to $2.25.
SHAWLS, from 50 cents to $3.
CARPETINGS, from 25 to 80 cents per yard.
MUSLIN DE LAINS, from 12 1-2 to 37 1-2 cents.
PRINTED LAWNS, from 16 to 25 cents.
GINGHAMS, from 12 to 25.
LADIES WHITE LINNEN HDK'FS, 10 cents.
GENTS WHITE SILK do., 40.
GINGHAM do., 12 1-2.
PARASOLS, from 25 cents to $2.
Ready made PANTS, for 75 cents.
" " VESTS, for $1.
" " COATS, various prices.
Paper Hangings, from 7 to 25 cents per roll.
BONNETS, from 42 cents to $3.
BRASS CLOCKS, for $2.50, and warranted good.
SUGAR from 7 to 10 cents per pound.
TEA, 25 cents per pound.
HATS, CAPS, STOCKS, BOOTS, SHOES, and all other goods in proportion.

RUBBARD & STEVENS.
Paris Hill, June 21, 1847. 1847

Administrator's Sale.

BY virtue of License from the Hon. JON PRINCE, Judge of Probate within and for the County of Oxford, will be sold at public Auction, on Saturday, the fifteenth day of May next at ten o'clock A. M., at the dwelling house of ANA KIMBALL, in Gilead, the following described property belonging to the Estate of said deceased, viz:

The Homested Farm of said deceased lying in Gilead, and containing one hundred and fifty acres.

Also—About three hundred acres of land lying on the South Westerly end of said Homested Farm—for particulars see Chandler Hagen's Deed.

Also—A tract or parcel of land lying on the South side of Androscoggin River in said Gilead it being the North part of Lot No. 1, in the 13th Range, supposed to contain thirty acres.

Also—One-fifth of the Saw Mill and privilege on Wild River, called "Wild River Saw Mill."

Also—Pew numbered 8, sixteen in the Congregational Meeting House.

All of said property subject to the Widow's right of Dower.

Terms—Three months credit with good security.

JOSEPH G. SWAN, Administrator.
Gilead, April 12, 1847. 8

Commissioners' Notice

TO CREDITORS.

WE, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of

DANIEL B. MILLS,

late of Bethel, in said county, deceased, whose estate is represented insolvent, give notice that six months commencing the twenty-fifth day of June, have been allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend the service assigned us at the Office of Henry Ward, in West Bethel, on Saturday, the 25th day of September next, also, on Saturday, the 25th day of December following, from one o'clock to four o'clock P. M. on each of said days.

HENRY WARD,
8 GEORGE W. GROVER.

Guardian's Sale.

BY virtue of License from the Hon. JON PRINCE, Judge of Probate within and for the County of Oxford, will be sold at public Auction, on Saturday, the twenty-fifth day of July next, at one o'clock P. M. on the premises, unless previously disposed of at private sale, the following property belonging to HARLAN SHURTLEFF, a minor, viz:

Six acres of land, with the buildings thereon, situated at Mechanic Falls in Poland; it being the same premises formerly occupied by Giles Shurtleff, and now occupied by Oren Dwinals.

GILES SHURTLEFF, Guardian of said minor.
June 22, 1847. 8

SCHOOL BOOKS,

GRAMMARS, Geographies, Arithmetics, Histories, and all other books commonly used in Schools, for sale by B. WALTON.
Paris Hill, Dec. 29, 1846. 6tf

BLANKS.

A Prime Assortment of Blanks, printed on good paper, kept constantly for sale at the Bookstore of B. WALTON.
Paris Hill, Dec. 29, 1846. tf

For Sale,

A NEW and PRIME FOUR WHEELED CHAISE. W. H. VINTON.
Paris, June 1847. 6w7

THE SOUTH PARIS MANUFACTURING COMPANY

OFFER to the Trade, at WHOLESALE, their various styles of WOOLENS, at a trifling advance from the cost of manufacture, and for less prices than the same quality of goods can be obtained in the Boston or other markets.

JAMES DEERING, *Agent.*
South Paris, May 28, 1847. tf 4

Hydropathic Institution

AT WATERFORD, MAINE,

THE subscribers have opened an Institution at the above place where they have every facility for carrying on the Water Cure, and where patients, troubled with any kind of curable disease, can be relieved of their burdens.

TERMS—Six Dollars per week.

Each patient is requested to bring two Comforts, two Blankets, two wide Sheets, and several coarse Towels. E. A. KITTREDGE.
C. FARRAR.
Waterford, May 27th, 1847. tf 4

THE SOUTH PARIS Manufacturing Company

HAVE on hand, and will continue to keep through the season, an extensive assortment of

Cassimeres, Satinetts, Fulled Cloths, Linseys—Blanketing 2 1-4 yards wide,—
White, Green, Scarlet Yellow,
Corbo, and Wine Colored
Flannels,
and PRESSED CLOTH, for dresses,

Manufactured expressly for their customers, which they will exchange for WOOL on the most favorable conditions. No Cloths will be offered which are known to be defective; and full satisfaction will be made if any prove unserviceable.

JAMES DEERING, *Agent.*
South Paris, May 28, 1847. tf 4

TOWN ORDERS.

BLANKS for Town Orders for sale at Office. Also, Quitclaim, Warrantee and Mortgage Deeds—Justice Writs, and Executions—Citations to Creditor. All orders, accompanied by the cash, promptly attended to.—May 11, '47.

SHELF HARD WARE.

BROWN & CO.

ARE making weekly additions to their stock of Shelf Hard Ware, and would call the attention of purchasers to their present assortment. A considerable portion of it having recently been purchased for Cash, in the City of New York, they flatter themselves they can give a little better bargains than can be obtained elsewhere.

Steep Falls, Norway, June 28, 1847. tf 8

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,

Deputy Sheriff, & Coroner,

PARIS HILL, OXFORD COUNTY.

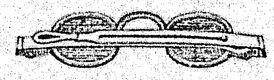
☞ All business by Mail, or otherwise, promptly attended to.—Feb. 14, 1846. tf 41

C. W. WALTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MEXICO, MAINE.

SPECTACLES



A Good Assortment of Spectacles for persons of all ages may be found at the Store of the subscriber. Call and see.

B. WALTON,
Paris Hill, March 22, 1847. tf46

BUCHAN'S Hungarian Balsam OF LIFE.

JOYFUL INTELLIGENCE!

ANOTHER Life saved after the DOCTORS could do no more!

Bath, Me, Feb. 24, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—I take pleasure in giving you a statement of the beneficial effects of Buchan's Hungarian Balsam, on my daughter, who had been for a number of years afflicted with a bad cough, pain in the side, raising blood, and all those pains and troubles which attend that insidious disease, *CONSUMPTION*. I employed several distinguished physicians at great expense, who, after numerous visits, and many experiments, finally declared that

They could do no more!

I was then advised by a friend to try Buchan's Hungarian Balsam. I did so, and the result has been most astonishing. My daughter is *entirely cured*, and, is now attending to her accustomed duties. I paid Two Hundred Dollars for Physicians and Medicine, without any sort of benefit, while Six dollars worth of Hungarian Balsam has removed the disease, restored the strength, and brought on a healthy action.

I am gratefully yours, JOHN YOUNG.

ASTONISHING CURES OF CONSUMPTION!

Two cases pronounced beyond the reach of Medical aid.

Augusta, Me., May 27, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—The Hungarian Balsam has been of the most infinite service to me. I have been cured of an affection of the Lungs, which was thought to be incurable by all my friends, by the use of a few bottles. One of my children was also restored to health, after being pronounced *beyond the reach of Medical aid!* and this medicine is now my constant resort in cases of any difficulty in the throat and Lungs.

Yours, truly, FRANCIS J. WEEKS.

Belfast, Me., June, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—Mr. Clark, of Palmyra, a friend of mine, was taken sick about a year ago with bad cough, pain in the side, general debility, &c. He consulted several doctors who prescribed for him—but was finally told

He could not get well!

He stopped taking medicine, but continued to grow worse, until he was so weak that he could scarcely sit up. He saw a notice of the Hungarian Balsam, procured a bottle, and continued to take it according to the directions—and, strange to say, in a few months he was a strong man and as he believed, permanently cured.

Yours, respectfully,
H. G. O. WASHBURN, Bookseller.

MORE CURES OF SEATED CONSUMPTION!

Important testimony of Physicians and Druggists.

Burlington, Vt., Nov. 1, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee,—Sir,—The astonishing sale of Buchan's Hungarian Balsam obliges us to order a further supply. Please send us before, a sufficiency for six months. We can give you if you desire it, certificates from numerous individuals who have not only been relieved from Asthma Colds, and Coughs, but from those who have been brought up from *FIRMLY SEATED CONSUMPTIONS!*—and litterally snatched from the grave! As a remedy for such complaints, we confidently believe it has never been surpassed.

Yours, PECK & SPEAR

Saco, Me., May 25, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—The Hungarian Balsam is, beyond all question, a most perfect and admirable preparation for diseases of the Lungs. I have used it in my family, and in my professional practice for more than two years, with the most uniform and entire success, in cases of *severe Pulmonary Disease*, and I can conscientiously recommend it to all who are afflicted, as the most *CERTAIN REMEDY* for such diseases with which I am acquainted,

Yours, Respectfully,
FREDERIC T. STORER, *M. D.*

GREAT CURE OF NERVOUS CONSUMPTION!

A Patient raised from the Bed of Death by the Hungarian Balsam.

Warren, Me., Oct. 17, 1845.

To Dr. D. F. Bradlee—Dear Sir—I feel a sincere pleasure for the opportunity offered, to express to you my approbation of the Hungarian Balsam. I think with the blessing of a kind Providence, I owe my life to this inestimable medicine. I have been for some two or three years afflicted with atrophy or nervous Consumption, attended with all its horrors. I employed several different Physicians, but *THEY COULD GIVE ME NOTHING TO REACH MY CASE* and I constantly grew worse, and at last was confined to my bed, with an inflammation in my stomach, lungs, and liver, and a severe palpitation of the heart, and the distressed beating would sometimes last two or three hours and often times so violent as to shake my bed, I knew in this situation

I could not long survive.

My doctor and neighbors said the same. A friend accidentally sent to my family an advertisement of Buchan's Hungarian Balsam. They procured me a bottle, and I with some reluctance at first commenced taking it. The first dose gave me immediate relief, and in a few days I could sit up fifteen minutes, and I continued to gain until I took thirteen bottles. I now enjoy better health, although somewhat advanced in years, than for several years past. My Physician frankly asserts that it was the Hungarian Balsam that cured me.

Yours Respectfully,
LUCIE C. CUSHMAN.

Certificate of the Apothecary who furnished the Hungarian Balsam to this Patient.

This may certify that I am acquainted with Mrs. Lucie C. Cushman, and was a witness of the effects of the Hungarian Balsam, described in the above certificate. Her cure was a very severe and dangerous one; and the cure is considered very remarkable by all who know her. She was confined to her bed, had watchers at night, and was not expected to live but a few days, when she commenced taking the Balsam. She is now in better health than she has been for many years. The Hungarian Balsam is held in the highest possible estimation in this county.

ORRIS S. ANDREWS, Apothecary.
Warren, Maine, October 24, 1845.

TESTIMONY OF PHYSICIANS AND APOTHECARIES!

In favor of the Great English Remedy for Consumption!

From Allison & Gault, Concord, N. H—Dr. Bradlee—Dear Sir—In the whole list of remedies for diseases of the Lungs, *nothing stands the test like the Hungarian Balsam.* It is spoken of in the highest terms by men of standing in this place.

Yours, Respectfully,
ALLISON & GAULT, Apothecaries.
Concord, N. H., April 24, 1844.

From Edward Mason, Portland, Me.—The Hungarian Balsam gives good satisfaction in this city and vicinity; and I have no doubt, from the reports I hear of its salutary effects upon invalids, that it is an excellent preparation for diseases of the lungs.

EDWARD MASON, Apothecary,
52 Middle street, Portland.

From J. R. Nichols, Haverhill, Mass.—I am much pleased with the Hungarian Balsam, and from the uniform satisfaction which it gives in *PULMONARY CONSUMPTION*, I think it can be conscientiously recommended by those who have it for sale.

Yours, &c.,
J. R. NICHOLS, Druggist and Apothecary.

From Dr. H. P. Pulling, Albany N. Y.—I cheerfully give my name in recommendation of the Hungarian Balsam, believing to be the best medicine I have ever used for diseases of the Lungs generally.

H. P. PULLING, M. D.
107 Market street, Albany.

CONSUMPTION IN BANGOR, ME.

Great cures by Buchan's Hungarian Balsam, in that cold climate.

Bangor, Me., Sept., 18, 1845.

I have now had the Agency of that excellent medicine, Buchan's Hungarian Balsam, about two years, and have sold in that period, nearly 12 gross, or 1728 bottles. Much of this has been used in the vicinity of Bangor, but many dozens have been sent several hundred miles to Houlton, and the Provinces, Machias, Eastport, &c. The success of this Balsam in the relief and cure of Pulmonary diseases, is absolutely astonishing. Hundreds, I am sure, have, by its use, been

Saved from a premature Grave!

—invalids supposed to be past all hope have been restored to comparative health—and the last moments of the dying few been made comfortable by its use. In cases of children, afflicted with severe and obstinate coughs, it has been employed with great success—several instances of this having come under my personal knowledge. Indeed this is a grand medicine. Its reputation is established here, and the sales are constantly increasing. Yours truly,

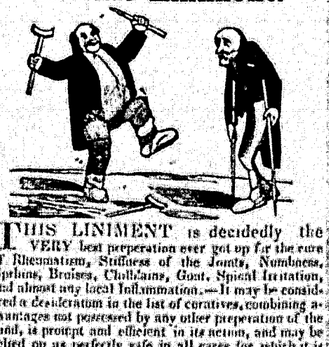
DAVID BUGBEE.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Boston, General Agent for the New England States.

For sale by—J. K. HAMMOND, Paris-Hill; Hall & Dow, Norway; Grover & Burbank, Bethel; John Blake, Turner; Charles P. Chase, Dixfield; Wm. Cousins, Poland; H. Blake, Harrison; J. H. Wardwell, Rumford; and Edward Mason, Portland.

June 30, 1846. 1y8

Asiatic Liniment.



THIS LINIMENT is decidedly the VERY best preperation ever got up for the cure of Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints, Numbness, Sprains, Bruises, Chilblains, Gout, Spinal Irritation, and almost any local Inflammation.—It may be considered a desideratum in the list of coratives, combining advantages not possessed by any other preperation of the kind, is prompt and efficient in its action, and may be relied on as perfectly safe in all cases for which it is recommended. It will not soil the clothing nor the skin, as do most of the "Compounds" brought out under the name of Liniment, but is perfectly clean and has a fragrant smell, which is of more importance than many suppose who imagine that any thing that smells and tastes bad, and is offensive in the highest degree, must surely possess wonderful powers as a Medicine. It is put up in a neat and attractive style, and sells at the low price of

25 Cents per Bottle.

A liberal discount made to those who buy to sell again. Prepared and sold by

H. K. HINKLEY, *Apothecary,*
PORTLAND, Me.

For sale by TUBBS & PORTER, Paris; Nath'l Hurlow, West Buckfield; Sydenham Bridgham, Buckfield; L. S. Bumpass, Hebron; T. T. Lawrey, Buss & Adams, Woodstock; Houghton & Tuell, Greenwood; Kimball & Crocker, Hiram Holt, Bethel;—Henry Ward, West Bethel; Smith & Small, Newry; Farnum & Hunt, Hanover; Joshua Graham, Rumford; Lewis Reed, Mexico; C. T. Chase, Dixfield; J. M. Deshon, Canton; Jefferson Coolidge, Livermore; J. A. Kimball, N. Turner; Wm. B. Bray, Turner Village; Joshua Parsons, Minot; N. L. Humphrey, Cumberland; John A. Berry, Saco; Albert Harding, Saccarappa; D. B. Clement, J. & N. Parker, and Robie & Co., Gorham; N. Reynolds & Son, Lewiston;—Robert Ingalls, Shelburn, N. H.

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The above named Agents have also for sale

DR. J. D. BUZZELL'S
CELEBRATED FAMILY MEDICINES.

WORMS EASILY REMOVED!

WINER'S

Canadian Vermifuge!

HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN DIE every year from the disease produced by Worms! They are the cause of numerous and frightful diseases. Indeed there is scarcely a complaint common to infancy and childhood which may not be produced or greatly aggravated by the presence of these destructive animals in the stomach and bowels. Case are recorded of their producing St. Vitus's Dance, Locked-Jaw, Squinting, Dropsy, Loss of Feeling in the Limbs, Rickets, Palpitation of the Heart, Eruptions, Dry Cough, Severe Pains Paleness, Emaciation, total Decline of Strength, and Consumption. They consume all nourishment in the body, and finally destroy the child.

Winer's Canadian Vermifuge is a pleasant, safe, speedy and permanent cure for this dangerous affliction. It destroys the worms at once, dissolves and carries off the slime which forms the nest of worms, and greatly improves and invigorates the system. It is the most perfect thing of the kind ever invented, and no family should be without it.

P. S. Parents may be assured that this medicine is perfectly harmless in all its effects. It is carefully compounded, of the very best materials, and there is not the least danger in using it.

*** Price only 25 cents per bottle.

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For Sale by—J. K. HAMMOND, Paris; Hall & Dow, Norway; Grover & Burbank, *Bethel*; John Blake, Turner; Charles T. Chase, Dixfield; Wm. Cousins, Poland; H. Blake, Harrison; J. H. Wardwell, Rumford; and Edward Mason, Portland.

June 30, 1846. 1y8

DR. WARREN'S
SARSAPARILLA,
TOMATO AND WILD CHERRY

Physical Bitters.

At 50 cents per Bottle.

SARSAPARILLA, TOMATO and WILD CHERRY BITTERS have now become a standard Medicine, universally approved by Physicians as a safe, speedy and effectual remedy for *Scorfulous, Mercurial* and *Cutaneous Diseases;* Jaundice, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bilious disorders, Liver complaints, Costiveness, Weak and Sore Stomach, Ulcers and running Sores, Swelling of the Limbs. Pain in the Bones Tumors in the Throat, Rheumatic Affections, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Bad Humors, Eruptions on the face and body, Cancerous sores, King's Evil, Chronic Catarrh, Languor, Debility, Headache, Dizziness, Sallow Complexion, and all those disorders which arise from the abuse of Mercury, or from an *impure taint* in the Blood, no matter how acquired.

The Extract here presented is prepared after directions given by the celebrated Dr. Warren whose name it bears, and will be found superior to any preparation of the kind now in use. It is highly concentrated—entirely vegetable—and very finely flavored to the taste. The change which it produces in the condition and tendency of the system is *speedy* and *permanent.*

As a *Sping Medicine* for purifying the Blood, strengthening the Stomach and Body, and checking all Consumptive habits, the *Sarsaparilla, Tomato,* and *Wild Cherry Bitters* are entirely unrivalled.

Prepared by Dr. D. F. Bradlee, 130 Washington St, Boston.

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Sold by J. S HOUGHTON, at the *Magasin de Santé,* (Magazine of Health) 130 Washington Street, Boston—General Agent for New England. Also, as above, all the Popular Medicines in general use, pure and genuine, at the lowest possible prices—Medical Books, Perfumery, Cosmetics, and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

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DR. UPHAM'S
Vegetable Internal Remedy
FOR THE PILES!

☞ A Cure for Life Secured. ☜

For the cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE VEGETABLE PILE ELECTUARY, invented by Dr. Upham, a distinguished physician of N. York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

Mark this: it is an INTERNAL REMEDY—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure—*speedy and permanent.* It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at 8 1-3 cts. per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in their effects. This Medicine attacks the disease at its source, and *removing the cause,* renders the cure *certain* and *permanent.*

INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the Electuary was originally prepared for the cure of *Piles,* yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an Inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In Inflammation or Congestion of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the *best* medicine ever discovered.

IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD.

For all Impurities of the Blood, arising from the imprudent use of Mercury, or other causes; for all Diseases of the Skin and Scrofulous Affections; in all cases where the blood is powerfully determined to the Head producing dizziness and distress, *Dr. Upham's Electuary* is entirely unrivaled.

TO MARRIED LADIES.

Married Ladies are almost invariably subject to that painful and injurious disease, the PILES, with consequent Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels, and Spine, weakness of the Back, flow of blood to the Head, &c. The Electuary is perfectly safe for Pregnant Ladies, and the most useful Cathartic that can possibly be used, as it will not only remove the Piles and all inflammatory diseases, *without pain or irritation,* but will ensure an easy time, a sure delivery, and a sound constitution to the offspring.

CURE FOR LIFE GUARANTIED.

The Electuary contains no *Mineral Medicines;* no *Aloes, Colocynth, Gamboge,* or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, no change in diet necessary. If taken according to the directions A CURE FOR LIFE IS GUARANTIED.

*** Pamphlets, giving valuable information respecting this Medicine, may be had of Agents, gratis.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington Street, Boston, General Agent for the New England States.

For Sale by—J. K. HAMMOND, Paris; Hall & Dow, Norway; Grover & Burbank, Bethel; John Blake, Turner; Charles T. Chase, Dixfield; Wm. Cousins, Poland; H. Blake, Harrison; J. H. Wardwell, Rumford; and Edward Mason, Portland.

June 30, 1846. 1y8

DENTISTRY, DENTISTRY.

FILLING, Separating, Cleansing and Setting Artificial Mineral Pivot Teeth, done by

T. H. BROWN,
PARIS HILL.

PRICE—Filling with Gold, from 50 to $1,50.
" Tin Foil, 25 to 50.
Cleaning set of Teeth, 50 to 1,00.
Setting Pivot Teeth, from $1,00 to 1,50, & 2,00.
Work warranted.—March 25. tf 17